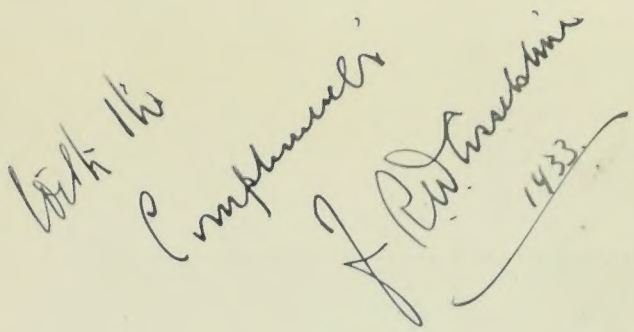
CANADIAN TREASURY READERS

BOOK FOUR

875

G M Weir
4722 2nd Ave W.
Vancouver
B C.



THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

CANADIAN TREASURY READERS

BOOK FOUR

BY
R. W. ASSELSTINE, B.A.

Illustrated by
EDITH MACLAREN, C. W. JEFFERYS, WILLY POGANY AND OTHERS

THE RYERSON PRESS
THE MACMILLANS IN CANADA

COPYRIGHT, CANADA, 1932
BY
THE RYERSON PRESS
AND
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
OF CANADA LIMITED

Protected in all countries subscribing to the
Berne Convention.

All rights reserved—no part of this
book may be reproduced in any form
without permission in writing from
the publishers.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For permission to use copyrighted material grateful acknowledgment is made to McClelland & Stewart, Limited, for "A Christmas Song," by Bliss Carman, "The Wonderful Fishing of Peterkin Spray," by Isobel Ecclestone Mackay, and "The Song of the Golden Sea," by Jean Blewett; to Charles Scribner's Sons for "The World Is So Full" and "The Pirate Story," by Robert Louis Stevenson, and "The Duel," by Eugene Field; to The Musson Book Company for "Harvest Time," by Pauline Johnson, and "Canadian Folksong," by William Wilfred Campbell; to Frederick A. Stokes Company for "Wabun, the Faithful Wolf Dog," from *Over Indian and Animal Trails*, by Jean M. Thompson; to Thomas Nelson and Sons, Limited, for "An Explorer's Boyhood," by Amy Steedman; to Cassell & Co., Ltd., for "Joan of Arc," from *My Book of Best Stories from History*, by Hazel Hanshew; to the Bobbs-Merrill Company for "The Great Walled Country" from *Why the Chimes Rang and Other Stories*, by Raymond Macdonald Alden, and "Out to Old Aunt Mary's" from *Afterwhiles*, by James Whitcomb Riley; to Rand McNally & Company for "The Two Goats" from *Æsop for Children;* to Houghton Mifflin Company for "The Quails," by Ella Lyman Cabot; to D. Appleton & Company for "The Ogre That Played Jackstraws," from *The Book of Knight and Barbara*, by David Starr Jordan; to Thomas Bird Mosher for "A Little Song of Life," by Lizette Woodworth Reese; to the Oxford University Press for "Queen Mab," from *Tales of Fairies*, by Lewis M. Marsh; to A. W. Ridley & Co. for "Shadows of the Evening," by Sabine Baring-Gould; to O. J. Stevenson for "The Story of the MacIntosh Red"; to Wilson MacDonald for "February the First on the Prairies," from *Out of the Wilderness;* to F. W. Wootton for "The Ebb Tide"; to Dora Owen for "Children, Children, Don't Forget"; to William J. Long for "What the Fawns Must Know"; to L. P. Hale for "The Peterkins Try to Become Wise"; to The Ryerson Press for "Billy Topsail," by Norman Duncan, "A Wake-Up Song," by Charles G. D. Roberts, "The Big March," by T. Morris Longstreth, and "Backwoodsmen," by John Hanlon Mitchell; to E. J. Arnold and Son, Ltd., for "How Robin Hood Came to Live in the Forest," by John Finnemore; to Macmillan & Co., Ltd., for "The Rivals," by James Stephens, and "The Trial of the Bow," by Alfred J. Church; to The Macmillan Company for "The Little Furry Ones That Slide Downhill," from *Children of the Wild*, by Charles G. D. Roberts, "My Dog," by John Kendrick Bangs, and "Charlie Rescues a Boat," from *Charlie and His Coast Guards*, by Helen Hill; to Mr. Rudyard Kipling and The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited, for "Mowgli's Brothers," from *The Jungle Book*, by Rudyard Kipling; to The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited, for "The Shark," and "The Lee Shore," from *Verses of the Sea*, by Edwin J. Pratt.

Every reasonable care has been taken to trace ownership of copyrighted material. Information will be welcome which will enable the publishers to rectify any reference or credit in subsequent editions.

CANADIAN AUTHORS IN THIS VOLUME

Charles G. D. Roberts, Edwin J. Pratt, Norman Duncan, Bliss Carman, William Wilfred Campbell, Isobel Ecclestone Mackay, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Susanna Moodie, O. J. Stevenson, Wilson MacDonald, F. W. Wootton, Agnes C. Laut, E. Pauline Johnson, John Hanlon Mitchell and Jean Blewett.

PRINTED AND BOUND IN CANADA
BY THE RYERSON PRESS, TORONTO

BOOK IV

CONTENTS

PART ONE

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

		PAGE
FOREWORD: THE WORLD IS SO FULL	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	1
1. The Fairy's Wand	*Thomas Hood*	1
2. Queen Mab	*Lewis M. Marsh*	3
3. Queen Mab's Song	*William Shakespeare*	6
4. Children, Children, Don't Forget	*Dora Owen*	7
5. The Fairy Shoemaker	*William Allingham*	9
6. Fairies	*Hilda Conkling*	10

PART TWO

THE WORLD ABOUT US

A. OUT OF DOORS

1. A Boy's Song	*James Hogg*	11
2. The Wind in a Frolic	*William Howitt*	13
3. The Brook (with music)	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	18
4. Jack Frost	*Hannah F. Gould*	21
5. The Rivals	*James Stephens*	24
6. The Barefoot Boy	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	25

B. ANIMAL FOLK

1. The Little Furry Ones that Slide Down Hill	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	29
2. Robert of Lincoln (with music)	*William Cullen Bryant*	43
3. Tom and the Lobster	*Charles Kingsley*	48
4. The Shark	*E. J. Pratt*	56
5. Mowgli's Brothers	*Rudyard Kipling*	58

PAGE

6. My Dog ..... *John Kendrick Bangs* 63
7. Wabun, the Faithful Wolf Dog ..... *Jean M. Thompson* 66
8. What the Fawns Must Know ..... *William J. Long* 78

C. SHIPS AND SAILORS

1. The Pirate Story ..... *Robert Louis Stevenson* 91
2. Billy Topsail ..... *Norman Duncan* 92
3. A Capital Ship ..... *St. Nicholas* 107
4. The Lee-Shore ..... *E. J. Pratt* 111
5. A Song of the Sea ..... *Allan Cunningham* 113

PART THREE

FAMOUS STORIES OLD AND NEW

FOREWORD: O, FOR A BOOK AND A SHADY NOOK *John Wilson* 116

A. TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

1. The Trial of the Bow ..... *Alfred J. Church* 117
2. Aladdin Finds the Cave ..... *The Arabian Nights* 123
3. A Meal in Japan ..... *Pierre Loti* 131

B. HEROES AND HEROINES

1. An Explorer's Boyhood ..... *Amy Steedman* 133
2. Joan of Arc ..... *Hazel Phillips Hanshew* 143
3. How Robin Hood Came to Live in the Forest *John Finnemore* 156

C. FUN AND FROLIC

1. A Mad Tea-Party ..... *Lewis Carroll* 171
2. John Gilpin ..... *William Cowper* 183
3. The Peterkins Try to Become Wise ..... *L. P. Hale* 196
4. The Duel ..... *Eugene Field* 201
5. Out to Old Aunt Mary's ..... *James Whitcomb Riley* 203

PART FOUR
A PLAY TO ACT

PAGE

The Wise Men of Gotham (with music)
Katharine Duncan Morse 206

PART FIVE
YOUNG CITIZEN

A. COME, LET US PLAY!

1. The First Noël ..... *Old Carol* 220
2. King Wenceslas (with music) ..... *Old Carol* 221
3. The Great Walled Country
Raymond MacDonald Alden 224
4. Christmas Song ..... *Bliss Carman* 237
5. A Canadian Folk Song ..... *William Wilfred Campbell* 238
6. The Skating Race ..... *Mary Mapes Dodge* 240
7. A Wake-Up Song ..... *Charles G. D. Roberts* 249
8. The Wonderful Fishing of Peterkin Spray
Isobel Ecclestone Mackay 250

B. PLAYING THE GAME

FOREWORD: HE PRAYETH WELL, WHO LOVETH WELL
Samuel Taylor Coleridge 252
1. The Two Goats ..... *Æsop* 252
2. The Quails ..... *Ella Lyman Cabot* 253
3. The Ogre that Played Jackstraws
David Starr Jordan 256

C. THE GOOD CITIZEN

1. Iagoo, the Boaster ..... *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 263
2. The Village Blacksmith ..... *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 265
3. Let Us with a Gladsome Mind ..... *John Milton* 268
4. A Caution ..... *Author Unknown* 268

PART SIX
THE WORLD AT WORK

PAGE

FOREWORD: THE EARTH IS EVERYCHILD'S HOME.... 269

A. WORKERS AND THEIR WORK

1. The Miller of the Dee (with music)..*Charles MacKay* 269
2. A Little Song of Life.....*Lizette Woodworth Reese* 271
3. A Canadian Herd Boy.....*Susanna Moodie* 272
4. Charlie Rescues a Boat.....*Helen Hill* 274
5. The Berry Pickers.....*Wilson MacDonald* 287
6. Little Daffydowndilly.....*Nathaniel Hawthorne* 289
7. Shadows of the Evening *Sabine Baring-Gould* 300

B. STORIES OF INVENTION

1. How Robinson Crusoe Made Bread. *Daniel Defoe* 301
2. The Story of the McIntosh Red ..*O. J. Stevenson* 315

PART SEVEN
OUR NATIVE LAND

FOREWORD: LOVE THOU THY LAND
Alfred, Lord Tennyson 320

1. Jacques Cartier.....*Thomas D'Arcy McGee* 321
2. Captain Madeleine.....*Mary Constance DuBois* 325
3. Scenes from Canadian Life:
   - I. February the First on the Prairies *Wilson MacDonald* 336
   - II. The Ebb Tide.....*F. W. Wootton* 339
   - III. The Big March.....*T. Morris Longstreth* 342
4. Songs of Canada:
   - I. The Riders of the Plains.....*Author Unknown* 344
   - II. Backwoodsman.....*John Hanlon Mitchell* 346
   - III. The Song of the Golden Sea.....*Jean Blewett* 347

The world is so full of a number of things
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Part One

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

1. THE FAIRY'S WAND

A little fairy comes at night,
  Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
  And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
  And when a good child goes to bed,
She waves her hand from right to left
  And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,
  Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear the sweetest fruit,
  And bend their branches at a wish:

Of gardens filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glow-worms shining in the shade,

And talking birds with clever tongues,
For singing songs and telling tales;
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

So all good children love the night,
And find it pleasant as the day;
For in their dreams, they dance and sing
With dainty elves and fairies gay.

—*Thomas Hood.*

Helps to Study

1. Read this song silently at first,two or three times, then gradually begin to read it aloud. Can you get the music? Read it softly aloud till you do. 2. Now what is it all about? 3. Read the first two stanzas. What picture do you find? 4. In the third stanza it says, "And then it dreams of pleasant things." Find all the things that the child dreams of. Which do you like the best? 5. Why do all good children love the night?

2. QUEEN MAB

One day Oberon was angry with his little wife, because she would not give him her fairy page, Tom Thumb. The poor little queen was much afraid, and made up her mind to run away for a while and hide.

So she called her three maids, Hop, and Mop, and Drop. Away they tripped over hill and dale, till at last, far away from the fairy palace, they hid themselves in a hollow hazel-nut.

When Oberon found that his wife had gone,

he grew still more angry, and set out to seek for her. He rode upon a spider which could run very fast; but Queen Mab had hidden herself so well that he could not find her.

Now Mab had a fairy servant, named Tomalin, who was very fond of her. He did not wish the King to hurt his little mistress, so he thought he would try to stop him.

He took a stiff, strong blade of grass for a spear, and at the end of it he put the sting of a bee; a bluebell served him for a helmet; and the horse he rode was a swift earwig.

Before long he met Oberon in the middle of a thick wood. "Go back to your palace, fairy king," he said, "and seek no more to find your queen."

When Oberon heard these words, he grew so angry that he rushed at Tomalin. Both of them fell to the ground, while their horses ran away.

In the meantime Queen Mab had heard of this fight. She at once sent for Robin Good-fellow, and begged him to put an end to it.

Robin took a big bag, and flew out over the sea. Up and down he went, catching in his bag all the fogs and mists that rose from the water.

This took him no longer than it would take you or me to count two, so that he was soon back again at the place where Oberon and Tomalin were fighting.

Here he untied the bag, and such a smoke came out of it, that the two fairies could no longer see each other.

The mist stopped the fight, and it did something else that was even better. It made Oberon quite forget why he was angry with his queen, and it made Tomalin forget what he was doing there at all.

Then Robin flew off to tell Queen Mab, and you may be sure that it was not long before she came back to Oberon.

They and all their fairies skipped away to the palace, as happy as the birds that sing in the trees, and I do not think they were ever angry with each other again.

—*Lewis M. Marsh.*

Helps to Study

We are always finding new words that are useful. Keep a list of words and phrases you like, and try to use them in your own way correctly. Can you add one new word to your vocabulary a week?

3. QUEEN MAB'S SONG

This song and the next you will find hard to read sitting down. You will want to skip and dance. That is the way the poets wanted you to feel.

Come follow, follow me,
All the fairies that there be.
Skip lightly on the green,
And follow Mab, your queen.
Hand-in-hand we dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

Upon a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread.
A grain of rye or wheat
Is the food that we do eat.
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups filled to the brink.

The gnat, the fly, the bee,
They are our fiddlers three.
All night we dance and sing
Around our fairy ring;
And if the moon does hide her head
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends as we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

—*William Shakespeare.*

4. CHILDREN, CHILDREN, DON'T FORGET

Don't you think even the very word *fairy* is beautiful? It looks and sounds light and graceful, and that is just what a fairy is.

Children, children, don't forget
There are elves and fairies yet.
Where the knotty hawthorn grows
Look for prints of fairy toes.

Where the grassy rings are green
Moonlight dances shall be seen.
Watch and wait: O lucky you,
If you find a fairy shoe:
For a ransom he will pay,
Hobbling barefoot all the day.
Lay it on his mushroom seat,
Wish your wish, and go your way.
If your wish should be discreet,
Never fear but he will pay.

—*Dora Owen.*

5. THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER

I caught him at work one day, myself,
In the castle-ditch, where foxglove grows,—
A wrinkled, wizen'd, and bearded Elf,
Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,
Silver buckles to his hose,
Leather apron—shoe in his lap—
"Rip-rap, tip-tap,
Tick-tack-too!
(A grasshopper on my cap!
Away the moth flew!)
Buskins for a fairy prince,
Brogues for his son,—
Pay me well, pay me well,
When the job is done!"
The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt
I stared at him; he stared at me;
"Servant, Sir!" "Humph!" says he,
And pull'd a snuff-box out.
He took a long pinch, look'd better pleased,
The queer little Lepracaun;
Offer'd the box with a whimsical grace,—
Pouf! he flung the dust in my face,
And while I sneezed,
Was gone!

—*William Allingham.*

6. FAIRIES

This poem was written by a little girl only six years old. Do you think you could write one as good?

I cannot see fairies;
I dream them.
There is no fairy can hide from me;
I keep on dreaming till I find him:
There you are, Primrose!—I see you,
Black Wing!

—*Hilda Conkling.*

HELPS TO STUDY

The world is full of poetry. Breathing, marching, swimming, the swaying of trees and the beat of waves on the shore, are all poetry. We call it rhythm. You can hear it even in a few words—"the boom and thunder of the sea."

1. Which of the five fairy poems you have just read do you like best? Why? 2. Which gave you the best music or rhythm?

You will find many more delightful fairy songs in: *The Book of Fairy Poetry*, edited by Dora Owen; *A Book of Children's Verse*, arranged by Mabel and Lillian Quiller-Couch; *The Fairy Flute*, by Rose Fyleman. Read as many of these as you can.

Make a scrap book. See how nicely you can make it. When you come across a song or a story that you like put it in your scrap book.

THOMAS W. MITCHELL, A.R.C.A.

SOLITUDE

SOLITUDE

By Thomas W. Mitchell, A.R.C.A.

THE FEELING OF SOLITUDE IS WELL SUGGESTED BY THIS PICTURE OF A LONE COWBOY COOKING HIS EVENING MEAL.

THE EVENING HAZE SILHOUETTES THE DISTANT MOUNTAIN IN A SOFT BLUE, AND THE SETTING SUN JUST CATCHES THE TOPS OF THE SPRUCE TREES. THE FEELING OF QUIETNESS IS HELPED BY THE THIN TRAIL OF SMOKE RISING ALMOST STRAIGHT IN THE STILL AIR.

MR. MITCHELL WAS BORN IN ONTARIO, AND ALWAYS PAINTS TYPICALLY CANADIAN SUBJECTS.

Part Two

THE WORLD ABOUT US

A. OUT-OF-DOORS

1. A BOY'S SONG

This is a boy's catalogue in verse of the things he loves. It is really a poem of holiday-time in the country, when the hours are long and free.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—*James Hogg.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What kind of boys would you imagine Billy and his friend to be? How would your programme for a holiday differ from theirs? 2. This poem is called a *song*. Do you think it could be set to music? 3. Which stanza in this poem do you like least? What is your reason for thinking it less attractive than the others? 4. "The Seasons have got mixed up in this poem." Do you agree with this statement?

2. THE WIND IN A FROLIC

Have a talk about the Wind, and what it does. Refer to: (1) "Who Has Seen the Wind"; (2) "I Saw You Toss the Kite on High," and similar poems.

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through a great
town,
Cracking the signs and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about.

Then away to the fields it went blustering and
humming,
And the cattle all wondered what ever was
coming.
It pulled by their tails the grave, matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows;
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood sulky and
mute.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks—
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig and the gentleman's cloak.

Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily,
"Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and
through.

Then it rushed like a monster o'er cottage and
farm,
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over
their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed
aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs were laid
on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon
to be gone.

But the wind had swept on, and had met in a
lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in
vain;
For it tossed him, and whirled him, then passed
—and he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea;

And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.

But, lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-birds' rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think, in its frolicsome fun,
How little of mischief it really had done.

—*William Howitt.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read the poem silently to answer the question, "How does the wind feel"? Is it happy, carefree and boisterous, or sad and dreamy? Pick out words, phrases, lines (read them aloud), to prove your answer. 2. Make a list of the things with which the wind plays. 3. Make a list of words that describe the actions and feeling of the wind. 4. Write down such words as "merciless squalls," "a much lustier shout." Say them aloud till you can say them with perfect ease. 5. Read the poem aloud to the class so as to give the most pleasure possible. 6. Look in other books and magazines, and find as many poems or stories as you can about the Wind. Find Robert Louis Stevenson's "I Saw You Toss the Kite on High." Put these in your scrap-book. Write them out neatly. Here is one:

MARCH WIND

It gaily roars the livelong day!
It blows the fallen winds away,
It whips the clothes upon the line
And snatches hats—"Oh! there goes mine!"

3. THE BROOK

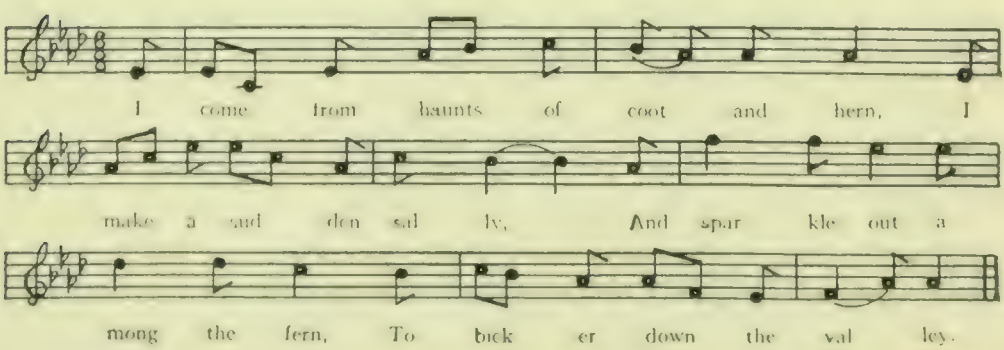
This poem contains many pictures. Which one appeals most to you?

I come from haunts of coot[1] and hern,[2]
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorpes, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

[1]A fowl that resembles a duck. [2]Heron.



I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland[1] set
With willow-weed and mallow.[2]

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a greyling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silver waterbreak
About the golden gravel.

[1]A point of land jutting into the sea. [2]A marsh shrub.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

HELPS TO STUDY

This song is taken from a longer poem called "The Brook." The brook is telling us about itself. 1. Is there a brook near your home? Where does it come from? Where does it go? Listen to the sounds it makes. Watch its movement. 2. Read this song. Is it a happy, bright, cheerful song? What makes you think so? 3. Pick out the words that tell the sounds which the brook makes. 4. Pick out the words that tell us how the brook moves. Watch the brook at home, listen to its sound. 5. Tell what you see and hear by using Tennyson's words. 6. Does this poem teach you anything worth remembering? 7. Memorize the song. Sing it till you know it perfectly. 8. Can you find any other songs of brooks to put in your scrap-book?

4. JACK FROST

The frost looked forth on a still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now, I shall be out of sight;
So, through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That make such a bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they!"

So he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest,
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed

With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear
Which he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the morning light were seen

Most beautiful things!—there were flowers and
trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities and temples and towers; and
these
All pictured in silvery sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,—
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare.
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"And this costly pitcher I'll burst in three!
And the glass of water they've left for me,
Shall 'tchick' to tell them I'm drinking."

—*Hannah F. Gould.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read this poem silently. Jack Frost is speaking in the first and last stanzas. Read them carefully and tell what kind of a chap he is. Repeat the exact words of the poem to prove what you say. 2. Read carefully again the second and third stanzas, and write down all that Jack Frost does. 3. Shut your eyes and try to imagine the picture in the second stanza, in the third stanza. 4. Read the poem aloud. Memorize the parts you like best.

5. THE RIVALS

People use patterns to cut out dresses and sometimes a poet uses a pattern to "cut out" a poem. Can you find the pattern in this one? It sounds easy, but it is really rather difficult to make a poem like this one. Do you know why Mr. Stephens called it "The Rivals"?

I heard a bird at dawn
  Singing sweetly on a tree,
That the dew was on the lawn,
  And the wind was on the lea;
But I didn't listen to him,
  For he didn't sing to me.

I didn't listen to him,
  For he didn't sing to me
That the dew was on the lawn
  And the wind was on the lea;
I was singing at the time
  Just as prettily as he.

I was singing all the time,
  Just as prettily as he,
About the dew upon the lawn
  And the wind upon the lea;
So I didn't listen to him
  As he sang upon a tree.

—*James Stephens.*

6. THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well:
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung:
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow.

For eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks.
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood.
On the doorsteps, grey and rude,
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed the sunset bent.

Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While, for music, came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every moon shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet,
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride.

Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's, for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:

Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin;
Ah! that thou could'st know thy joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read the poem silently two or three times, and try to get the story as you read. 2. Now read it aloud. 3. Did you ever see a boy like this one? Do you like him? Does Whittier like him? 4. Make a list of the things that you like about the lad. Use the words of the book. 5. "Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace." Can you see this picture? Try to find words to express "jaunty grace." 6. Look up "whimsical grace" in "The Fairy Shoemaker." Can you see these two pictures? Keep them in mind. Use them when you see any one whom they fit. 7. Pick out other words, and try to express them in your own words. 8. Shoes are called "prison cells of pride." Do you think that is true? 9. Memorize as much of the poem as you can. 10. If you plan a day's fun in the out-of-doors, here is a bit of weather-wise verse that may come in handy:

Evening red and morning gray
Set the traveller on his way;
But evening gray and morning red
Bring the rain upon his head.

B. ANIMAL FOLK

1. THE LITTLE FURRY ONES THAT SLIDE DOWN HILL

Have you ever camped in the deep woods? This story is about a boy who did. What were the Little Furry Ones, and how could they slide down hill?

I

UNCLE ANDY AND THE BOY GO FISHING

Silverwater, one of the loveliest and loneliest of the wilderness lakes, is fed by many brooks from the deep-wooded surrounding hills. Toward one of these, on a certain golden afternoon, Uncle Andy and the Boy were betaking themselves along the shadowy trail, where the green-brown moss was soft underfoot and their careful steps made no noise. When they spoke, it was in a quiet voice; for the spirit of the woods was on the Boy, and he knew that by keeping very quiet there was always the chance of surprising some fascinating mystery.

The two were going fishing; for Uncle Andy was an enthusiastic fisherman, and the stream

toward which they were making their way was one of deep pools and cool "stillwaters," where the biggest fish were wont to lie during the hot weather.

While they were yet several hundred yards from the stream, suddenly there came to their ears the sound of a quick splash, as if something had fallen into the water. Uncle Andy stopped short in his tracks, motionless as a setter marking his bird. The Boy stopped likewise, faithfully imitating him. A couple of seconds later came another splash, as heavy as the first, and then, quickly following, two lighter ones.

For a moment or two the Boy kept silent, though bursting with curiosity. Then he whispered eagerly, "What's that?"

"Otter," replied Uncle Andy, in a murmur as soft as the wind in the tree-tops.

"Why?" continued the Boy, meaning to say, "But what on earth are they doing?"

"Sliding down hill," muttered Uncle Andy, without turning his head. Then, holding up his hand as a sign there were to be no questions asked, he crept forward noiselessly, and the Boy followed at his heels.

After two or three minutes the sounds were repeated in the same order as before—first two heavy splashes and then two lighter ones. Unable to ask questions, the Boy was obliged to think for himself.

He had only a faint idea what otters were like, but he knew a good deal about sliding down hill. He pictured to himself a high, rough bank leading down to the water; but as not even Bill's daring imagination would have pictured the beasts as using toboggans or hand sleds, he thought it must be rather bumpy and uncomfortable work coasting over the roots and rocks on one's own unprotected anatomy.

The sounds continued, growing louder and louder, till the two adventurers must have been within thirty or forty feet of the stream, and they were creeping as noiselessly as a shadow slips over the grass, in the hope of catching the merrymakers at their game. But suddenly there came one great splash, as if all the sliders had come down close together. And then silence. Uncle Andy crouched motionless for several minutes. Then he straightened himself up with a disappointed air.

"Gone!" he muttered. "Cleared out! They've heard us or smelled us!"

Two minutes later they came out on the banks of the stream.

The stream at this point was perhaps twenty-five feet in width, deep, dark, and almost without current. Only by noting the bend of the long water-grasses could one tell which way it ran. The nearer bank was low and grassy, with a fallen trunk slanting out into the water. But the shore opposite was some twelve or fifteen

feet high, very steep, and quite clear, having been cut by the floods from a bank of clay. Down the middle of this incline a narrow track had been worn so smooth that it gleamed in the sun almost like ice.

Presently Uncle Andy remarked, "This otter family appears to have been having a pretty good time."

"Great!" said the Boy.

"Well," continued Uncle Andy, regarding him with pleasure, "there was once another otter family, away up on the Little North Fork of the Ottanoonsis, that used to have such good times till at last they had a streak of bad luck."

"Did you know them?" asked the Boy.

"Well, not, as you might say, intimately," answered Uncle Andy, with a far-away look in his grey eyes. "You see, they had no way of knowing how nice I was, so they never admitted me into their family circle. But I knew a lot more about them than they ever guessed, I can tell you. When the flies and the mosquitoes weren't too bad, I used to lie by the hour behind a thick bush, never stirring a finger, and watch them."

II

UNCLE ANDY TELLS ABOUT THE BABY OTTERS

"The two Little Furry Ones," Uncle Andy continued after a pause, "were born in a dry, warm, roomy den in the bank, under the roots of an old birch that slanted out over the water. The front door was deep under water. But as the old otters had few enemies to dread, being both brave and powerful, they had also a back entrance on dry land hidden by a thicket of fir bushes.

"The two furry 'pups' were at first as sprawling and helpless as newborn kittens, though of course a good deal bigger than any kittens *you* have ever seen. And because they were so helpless, their father and mother never left them alone. One always stayed with them while the other went away to hunt trout or muskrat.

"When the Little Furry Ones were about the size of five months' kittens, they were as handsome a pair of youngsters as you are ever likely to set eyes upon. Their fur, rich and soft and dark, was the finest ever seen. Like their parents, they had bodies shaped for going through the water at a tremendous speed—built like a

bulldog's for strength, and like an eel's for suppleness."

"Not slimy!" protested the Boy, who had hated eels whole-heartedly ever since the day when he had tried to take one off the hook.

"Of course not!" answered Uncle Andy, impatiently. "As I was going to say, they were shaped a good deal like those seals you've seen in the Zoo, only that instead of flippers they had regular legs and feet and also a tail. It was a tail worth having, too, and not merely intended for ornament. It was very thick at the base and tapering, something like a lizard's, and so powerful that one twist of it could drive its owner through the water like a screw."

"Wish I could swim that way!" murmured the Boy, trying to do the movement, as he imagined it, with his legs.

"But though the Little Furry Ones were just built for swimming," continued Uncle Andy, graciously overlooking the interruption, "they were actually afraid of it. They liked to see their father or their mother dive smoothly down into the clear goldy-brown water at their front door and out into that patch of yellow sunlight

shimmering on the weedy bottom. But when invited to follow, they drew back into the corner and pretended to be terribly busy.

"One fine morning, however, to their great delight they were led out by the back door, under the bush, and introduced to the outside world. How huge and strange it looked to them! For a few minutes they stole about on their absurdly short, sturdy legs, poking their noses into everything and jumping back startled at the strange smells they encountered; while their parents, lying down close by, watched them lazily.

"At last, beginning to feel more at home in this big, airy world, they fell to playing with each other on the sunny bank close beside the water. Presently their parents got up and came over beside them. The father slipped gracefully in, diving and darting this way and that and throwing himself halfway out of the water.

"It was most interesting, I can tell you, and the two Little Furry Ones stopped their play, at the very edge of the bank, to watch him. But when he called to them coaxingly to come in

with him and try it, they turned away their heads and pretended to think it wasn't worth looking at after all. They would rather look at the trees and the sky. And while they were staring upward in this superior way they got a great surprise. Their mother slyly slipped her nose under them and threw them, one after the other, far out into the water."

"Ow!" exclaimed the Boy, with a little gasp of sympathy. He himself felt the shock of that sudden chill plunge.

Uncle Andy chuckled.

"That's just the way they felt," said he. "When they came to the top again they found, to their surprise, that they could swim, and feeling most indignant and injured they struck out straight for shore. But there, between them and the good dry ground, swam their mother, and she would not let them land. They did not see how mothers could be so heartless. But there was no help for it, so they swam out again very haughtily and joined their father in midstream. And before they knew it they were enjoying themselves immensely."

III

THE LITTLE FURRY ONES GROW UP

"And now life became much more interesting to the Little Furry Ones. For a bit it was harder to keep them out of the water than it had been to get them into it. They had their first lessons in fishing. And though they were too clumsy at first to catch even a slow, mud-grubbing sucker, they found the attempt most interesting. The stream just opposite their home was deep and quiet, but a little way below, the current ran strong; and once, having ridden down it gaily for a couple of hundred yards, they found themselves unable to swim back against it. At first they battled bravely. and were most surprised to find themselves making so little progress. Then they grew tired, and then frightened, and they were just being carried off downstream by this strange soft force when their mother arrived. The current was nothing to her. She took them on her back and shot off upstream again with them.

"After that they would ride on her back or on their father's whenever they got tired. Their parents began to take them on long trips up and

down stream. You see, their housekeeping being so simple, they didn't mind going away even for a couple of days at a time, and leaving the house to look after itself.

"Sometimes, when they came upon a spot of smooth, mossy ground, they would have a wild frolic, as if they had just been let out of school; a sort of game of tag, in which the father and mother played just as hard as the youngsters. Or they would have a regular tug of war, pulling on opposite ends of a stick till the moss was all torn up, as if a little cyclone had come along that way.

"Then one day they came to a clay bank, something like that one across yonder. The old ones had been there before, but not for some time, and the clay had got all dry and hard. But the father and mother knew very well how to fix that. When they had slid down a couple of times with their fur all dripping, the track was as smooth as oil. As for the youngsters, you may depend upon it, they did not need any coaxing to make them believe *that* was a good game."

"I should think not!" murmured the Boy,

looking longingly over the stream to where the wet slide glistened in the sun, and wishing he might try it without any regard whatever to the seat of his little trousers.

"Taking it all together, it was a pretty jolly life, I can tell you, there in the sweet-smelling, shadowy woods and sunny waters.

"Then one day all at once, as quick as falling off a log, everything was changed. A hunter from the city came that way. He had a good eye, a repeating rifle, and no imagination whatever. With the luck that sometimes comes to those fellows, he was sitting under a tree near the bank, staring across at the otter slide (which did not mean anything whatever or suggest anything to him. but was merely a strip of bare clay), when the otter family came to slide. The father had started down. It was most interesting—so the stranger under the tree shot instantly, and the otter came down in a crumpled heap. The mother might have escaped, but for just one second she hesitated, glancing round to see if her little ones were out of danger. That second was enough for the smart shot across the water. The otter dropped. It was good shoot-

ing, of course. The two little ones, frightened by the spiteful noise, and quite unable to understand what had happened, shrank away into some thick bushes and lay very still, waiting for their mother to come and tell them the danger was past."

"And she could never come!" murmured the Boy, thoughtfully.

"They never stirred for an hour or more. Then at last they stole out and began looking everywhere for those lost parents. All about the

slide they hunted,—among the bushes at the top, in the water and the rushes at the bottom,—but they found nothing. For the man had come in his canoe and carried off his victims."

"But what became of the two Little Furry Ones after that?" demanded the Boy, refusing to stir.

"Well, *now*," protested Uncle Andy, in an injured voice, "you *know* I am not like Bill and some other folk. I don't know everything. But I've every reason to believe that, with any kind of otter luck, they lived to grow up and have families of their own, and taught every one of them, you may be sure, to slide down hill. As likely as not, that very slide over yonder belongs to one of their families. Now come along, and don't ask any more questions."

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read this story silently from the beginning to the end. How long does it take you? 2. Tell the class all you can remember of the story. 3. Read Part I and tell the class all you can about it. Do the same with Part II and Part III. 4. Tell the whole story to the folk at home. 5. Find as many lines as you can that tell you what Silverwater was like. 6. Find as many passages as you can that tell you

about the home of the Little Furry Ones. 7. How did the little otter learn to swim? Read aloud the passages. 8. "In a murmur as soft as the wind in the tree tops." Find this line in your book. What does it mean? Did you ever hear a sound like this? Listen for it when the wind blows. 9. Find another line that tells how quietly the otter creeps. Are there other lines like these in this story? 10. Make a list of ten wild animals you know. Find as many pictures, poems and stories of them as you can. Write a little story of your favourite, something like the one you have just read.

READ A STORY

Children of the Wilds. By C. G. D. Roberts.
Little Joe Otter. By W. Thornton Burgess.

Come to school prepared to read aloud a story from either of these two books.

Wild Animals I Have Known. By Ernest Thompson Seton.

2. ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Robert of Lincoln is a grown-up sort of name given to the bobolink. The name bobolink is given to this bird because it sounds like his song.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee!

Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
Wearing a bright, black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee!

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creatures; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee!

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight:
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee!

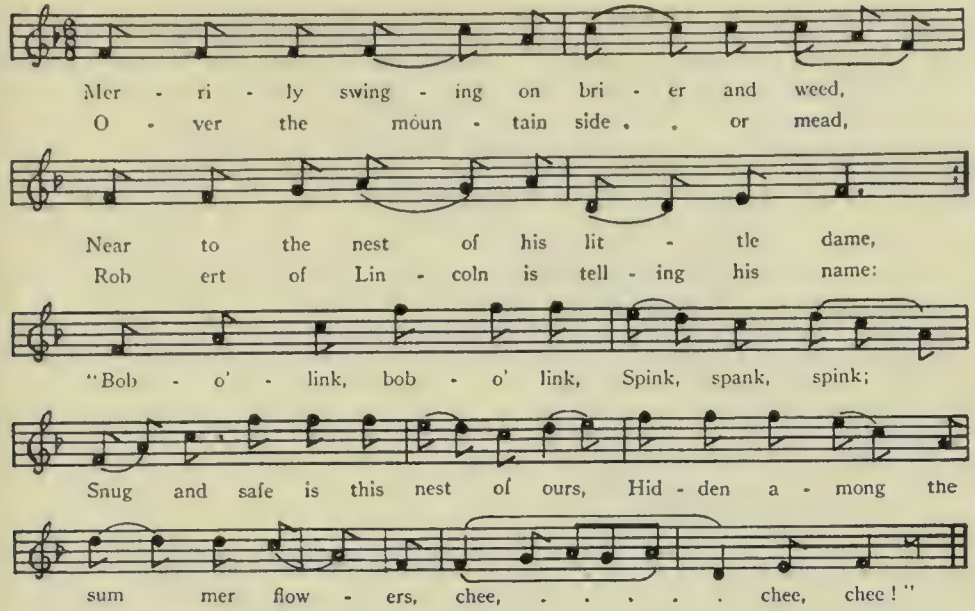
Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee!

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care,
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half-forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee!

Summer wanes; the children are grown,
Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln's a hum-drum drone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee!

—*William Cullen Bryant.*


Mer - ri - ly swing - ing on bri - er and weed,
O - ver the moun - tain side . . or mead,
Near to the nest of his lit - tle dame,
Rob ert of Lin - coln is tell - ing his name:
"Bob - o' - link, bob - o' link, Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is this nest of ours, Hid - den a - mong the
sum mer flow - ers, chee, ... chee, chee!"

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read this poem silently. Now read it aloud several times. Can you get the movement of the lines? 2. Learn the music and sing the song. Sing it as you go along the road to and from school. 3. How many birds in your school district do you know? 4. Learn to reproduce their songs. When you see a pair of meadow larks in the spring-time repeat the song of Robert of Lincoln. Try to make the necessary changes to suit the lark. 5. Write down the names of all the birds you know. Tell the class about the colour, song and habits of the one you know best. Bring your bird-song phonograph records and play them for the class.

The poet tries in many ways to make you not forget. He gives you interesting pictures to look at—Robert of Lincoln in his wedding clothes, or Robert, a steady, hard-working father. The poet also gives you words that sing in your

ears and in your heart. He sometimes repeats certain words he wants you to remember. Look back over the poems you have read in this book and make a list of the lines the poets like to use often. Are they worth remembering do you think?

3. TOM AND THE LOBSTER

This selection is from Kingsley's *Water-Babies.* Little Tom was a chimney-sweeper, overworked and cruelly treated. He was drowned in a river, changed into a "water-baby," and carried out to sea.

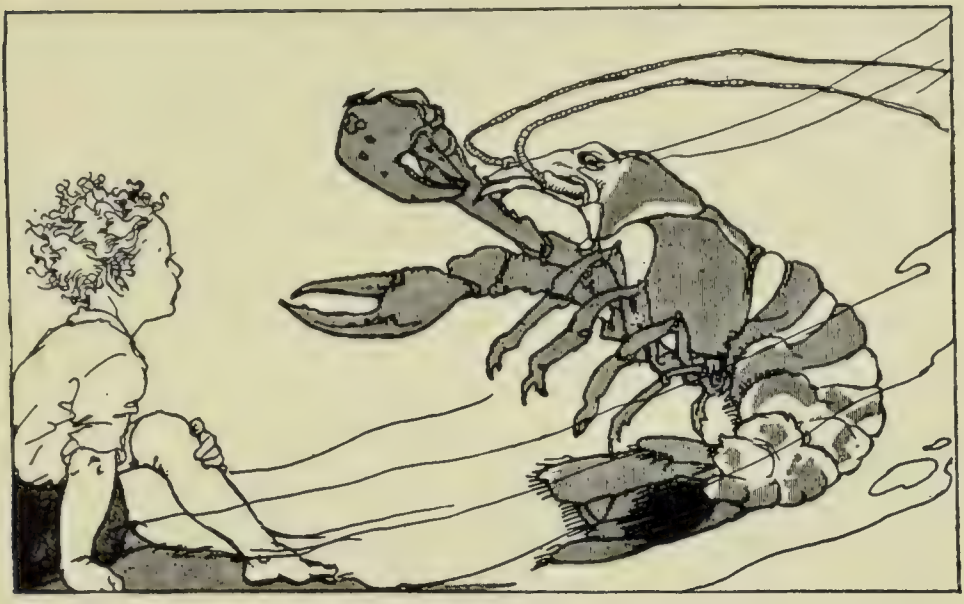
I

TOM MEETS THE LOBSTER

Tom was very happy in the water. He had been sadly overworked in the land-world; so now, to make up for that, he had nothing but holidays in the water-world for a long, long time to come. He had nothing to do now but enjoy himself, and look at all the pretty things which are to be seen in the cool, clear water-world, where the sun is never too hot, and the frost is never too cold.

One day among the rocks he found a play-fellow.

It was not a water baby, alas! but it was a lobster, and a very famous lobster he was; for he had live barnacles on his claws, which is a



great mark of importance in lobsterdom. It can no more be bought for money than can a good conscience or the Victoria Cross.

Tom had never seen a lobster before, and he was much taken with this one. Tom thought him the most strange, odd, ridiculous creature he had ever seen; and perhaps he was not far wrong. For all the clever men, and all the wise men, and all the fanciful men in the world, with all the artists who paint elves and bogies into the bargain, could never invent, if all their wits were boiled into one, anything so strange, and so ridiculous, as a lobster.

He had one claw knobbed and the other jagged; and Tom delighted in watching him hold on to the seaweed with his knobbed claw, while he cut up salads with his jagged one, and then put them into his mouth after smelling at them like a monkey. And always the little barnacles on his claws threw out their nets and swept the water, and came in for their share of whatever there was for dinner.

But Tom was most astonished to see how he fired himself off—snap—like the leap-frogs that you make out of a goose's breastbone. Certainly he took the most wonderful shots, and backwards, too. For, if that lobster wanted to go into a narrow crack ten yards off, what do you think he did? If he had gone in headfirst, of course, he could not have turned round. So he used to turn his tail to the crack, and lay his long horns straight down his back to guide him, and twist his eyes back till they almost came out of their sockets. Then he was ready and—snap—away he would go pop into the hole, and then peep out and twiddle his whiskers, as much as to say, "You couldn't do that."

Tom asked him about water-babies. "Yes,"

he said. He had seen them often. But he did not think much of them. They were meddlesome little creatures that went about helping fish and shells that got into scrapes. Well, for his part, he should be ashamed to be helped by little, soft creatures that had not even a shell on their backs. He had lived quite long enough in the world to take care of himself.

He was a conceited fellow, the old lobster, and not very polite to Tom; and you will hear how he had to change his mind before he was done, as conceited people generally have to. A time came when he was glad to have help, as you will read a little later. But he was so funny, and Tom so lonely, that Tom could not quarrel with him; and they used to sit in holes in the rocks and chat for hours.

II

MR. LOBSTER MEETS A FISHERMAN

One day Tom was going along the rocks in three-fathom water, when all of a sudden he saw a round cage made of green twigs, and inside it, looking very much ashamed of himself, sat his friend the lobster, twiddling his horns, instead of thumbs.

"What! have you been naughty, and have they put you in the lockup?" asked Tom.

The lobster felt a little angry at such a notion, but he was far too low in his spirits to argue; so he only said, "I can't get out."

"Why did you get in?"

"After that nasty piece of dead fish." He had thought it looked and smelt very nice when he was outside, and so it did, to a lobster; but now he turned round and abused it because he was angry with himself.

"Where did you get in?"

"Through that round hole at the top."

"Then why don't you get out through it?"

"Because I can't;" and the lobster twiddled his horns more fiercely than ever. He was ashamed, but he was forced to confess.

"I have jumped upwards, downwards, backwards, and sideways, at least four thousand times, and I can't get out. I always get up underneath there, and I can't find the hole."

Tom looked at the trap, and, having more wit than the lobster, he saw plainly what was the matter; as you may, too, if you look at a lobster-pot.

"Stop a bit," said Tom. "Turn your tail up to me, and I'll pull you through backward; then you won't stick in the spikes."

But the lobster was so stupid and clumsy that he couldn't hit the hole. He was like some fox-hunters, who are very sharp as long as they are in their own country; but who, as soon as they get out of it, lose their heads. The lobster, so to speak, lost his tail.

Tom reached and clawed down the hole after the lobster till he caught hold of him; and then, as was to be expected, the clumsy lobster pulled him in head-first.

"Hullo! here is a pretty business," said Tom. "Now take your great claws and break the points off those spikes, and then we shall both get out easily."

"Dear me, I never thought of that!" said the lobster; "and after all the experience of life that I have had!"

You see experience is of very little good unless a man, or a lobster, has wit enough to use it.

But they had not got half the spikes away, when they saw a great dark cloud over them;

and, lo and behold, it was the otter; and the otter was angry at Tom.

How she did grin and grin when she saw him. "Yar!" said she, "you little meddlesome wretch, I have you now! I will pay you back for telling the salmon where I was!" And she crawled all over the pot to get in.

Tom was horribly frightened, and still more frightened when she found the hole in the top, and squeezed herself right down through it, all eyes and teeth. But no sooner was her head inside than brave Mr. Lobster caught her by the nose and held on.

And there they were all three in the pot, rolling over and over; and very tight packing it was. And the lobster tore at the otter, and the otter tore at the lobster, and both squeezed and thumped poor Tom till he had no breath left in his body; and I don't know what would have happened to him if he had not at last got on the otter's back, and safe out of the hole.

He was right glad when he got out, but he would not desert his friend who had saved him; and the first time he saw the lobster's tail uppermost he caught hold of it, and pulled hard.

But the lobster would not let go.

"Come along," said Tom, "don't you see she is dead?" And so she was, quite drowned and dead.

And that was the end of the wicked otter.

But the lobster would not let go.

"Come along, you stupid old stick-in-the-mud," cried Tom, "or the fisherman will catch you!" And that was true, for Tom felt some one above beginning to haul up the pot.

But the lobster would not let go.

Tom saw the fisherman haul him up to the boatside, and thought it was all up with his friend. But when Mr. Lobster saw the fisherman he gave such a furious and tremendous snap that he snapped out of his hand, and out of the pot, and safe into the sea. But he left his knobbed claw behind him, for it never came into his stupid head to let go after all; so he just shook his claw off as the easier method.

Tom asked the lobster why he never thought of letting go. He replied very firmly that it was a point of honour among lobsters not to let go. And so it is.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. This story is full of good fun. Which do you think is the funniest part: the description of the lobster; the strange way he could jump; or the way his pride got a fall? 2. This old fellow lived eighteen feet under the sea. He was as conceited over the little sea-shells which had fastened themselves to his claws as some old soldiers are of their medals. Explain: Pride goes before a fall; He rode a high horse.

4. THE SHARK

Mr. Pratt was born at Western Bay, a fishing village in Newfoundland. The people got their living from the sea, and knew its every mood. Boys and girls could see a shark any day. Read this poem, and then draw or find a picture of a shark.

He seemed to know the harbour,
So leisurely he swam;
His fin,
Like a piece of sheet-iron,
Three-cornered,
And with knife-edge,
Stirred not a bubble
As it moved
With its base-line on the water.

His body was tubular
And tapered
And smoke-blue,

And as he passed the wharf
He turned,
And snapped at a flat-fish
That was dead and floating.
And I saw the flash of a white throat,
And a double row of white teeth,
And eyes of metallic grey,
Hard and narrow and slit.

Then out of the harbour,
With that three-cornered fin
Shearing without a bubble the water
Lithely,
Leisurely,
He swam—
That strange fish,
Tubular, tapered, smoke-blue,
Part vulture, part wolf,
Part neither—for his blood was cold.

—*E. J. Pratt.*

HELPS TO STUDY

You will like Mr. Pratt's *Verses of the Sea.* Charles G. D. Roberts wrote these words about the book: "Over all these pages there breathes the breath of the sea. They ring with the hearty speech of sailormen, with the luring call of ships and far adventure. They are filled with the beauty and terror and wonder and strange voices of the sea."

5. MOWGLI'S BROTHERS

I

"Something is coming up the hill," said Mother Wolf, twitching one ear. "Get ready."

The bushes rustled a little in the thicket, and Father Wolf dropped with his haunches under him, ready for his leap. Then, if you had been watching, you would have seen the most wonderful thing in the world—the wolf checked in midspring. He made his bound before he saw what it was he was jumping at, and then he tried to stop himself. The result was that he shot up straight into the air for four or five feet, landing almost where he left ground.

"Man!" he snapped. "A man's cub. Look!"

Directly in front of him, holding on by a low branch, stood a naked brown baby who could just walk—soft and as dimpled a little atom as ever came to a wolf's cave at night. He looked up into Father Wolf's face, and laughed.

"Is that a man's cub?" said Mother Wolf. "I have never seen one. Bring it here."

A wolf accustomed to moving his own cubs can, if necessary, mouth an egg without breaking it, and though Father Wolf's jaws closed

right on the child's back, not a tooth even scratched the skin, as he laid it down among the cubs.

"How little! How naked, and—how bold!" said Mother Wolf, softly The baby was pushing his way between the cubs to get close to the warm hide. "Ahai! He is taking his meal with the others. And so this is a man's cub. Now, was there ever a wolf that could boast of a man's cub among her children?"

"I have heard now and again of such a thing, but never in our Pack, or in my time," said Father Wolf. "He is altogether without hair, and I could kill him with a touch of my foot. But see, he looks up and is not afraid."

II

The moonlight was blocked out of the mouth of the cave, for Shere Khan's great square head and shoulders were thrust into the entrance. Tabaqui, behind him, was squeaking: "My lord, my lord, it went in here!"

"Shere Khan does us great honour," said Father Wolf, but his eyes were very angry. "What does Shere Khan need?"

"My quarry. A man's cub went this way," said Shere Khan. "Its parents have run off. Give it to me."

Shere Khan had jumped at a wood-cutter's camp-fire, as Father Wolf had said, and was furious from the pain of his burned feet. But Father Wolf knew that the mouth of the cave was too narrow for a tiger to come in by. Even where he was, Shere Khan's shoulders and fore-paws were cramped for want of room, as a man's would be if he tried to fight in a barrel.

"The Wolves are a free people," said Father Wolf. "They take orders from the Head of the Pack, and not from any striped cattle-killer. The man's cub is ours—to kill, if we choose."

"Ye choose and ye do not choose! What talk is this of choosing? By the bull that I killed, am I to stand nosing into your dog's den for my fair dues? It is I, Shere Khan, who speaks!"

The tiger's roar filled the cave with thunder. Mother Wolf shook herself clear of the cubs and sprang forward, her eyes, like two green moons in the darkness, facing the blazing eyes of Shere Khan.

"And it is I, Raksha (The Demon), who answer. The man's cub is mine, Lungri—mine to me! He shall not be killed. He shall live to run with the Pack, and to hunt with the Pack; and in the end, look you, hunter of the naked cubs—frog-eater—fish-killer—he shall hunt *thee!* Now get hence, or by the Sambhur that I killed (I eat no starved cattle), back thou goest to thy mother, burned beast of the jungle, lamer than ever thou camest into the world! Go!"

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

From *The Jungle Book.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read this story silently from the beginning to the end. 2. Read it again; write down the names of all the people (animals) that take part in the story. Say them aloud until you are perfectly familiar with them. 3. Read again to the end of the first scene. ("But see he looks up and is not afraid.") Try to imagine this moonlight scene. Can you see the spot? Who are there? What is happening? 4. Do the same with the second scene. 5. If there are any words that you find difficulty in pronouncing look them up in the dictionary. Say them over and over till you are familiar with them. 6. Read this story aloud to the folk at home, to the club, to your classmates. Try to make them see the whole picture. 7. Can you dramatize this story? Try it. This story is taken from Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book.* Read the whole book. Other good stories are: *The Biography of a Grizzly,* by Ernest Thompson Seton; *Wild Animals I Have Known,* by C. G. D. Roberts.

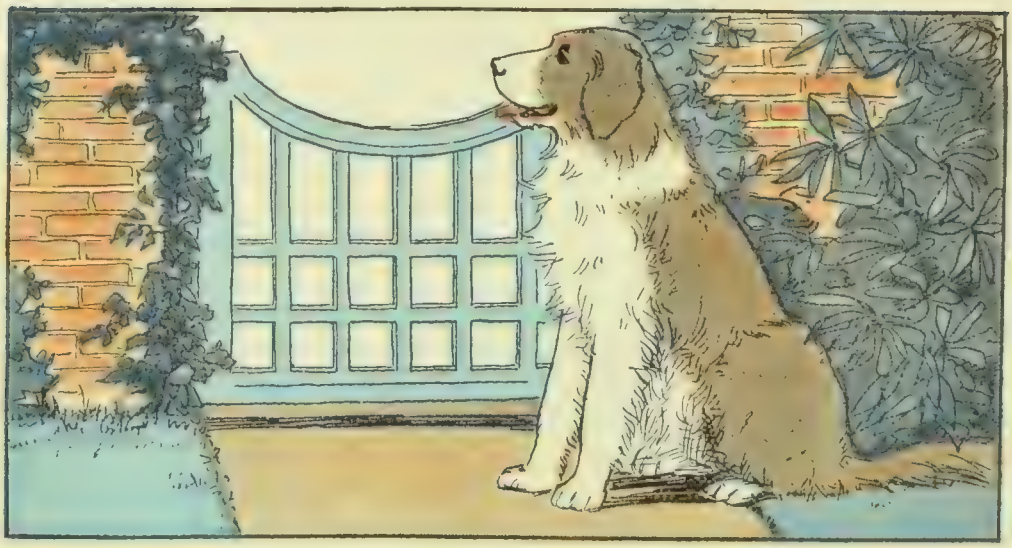
6. MY DOG

I have no dog, but it must be
Somewhere there's one belongs to me—
A little chap with wagging tail,
And dark brown eyes that never quail,
But look you through, and through, and through
With love unspeakable, but true.

Somewhere it must be, I opine,
There is a little dog of mine
With cold black nose that sniffs around
In search of what things may be found
In pocket, or some nook hard by
Where I have hid them from his eye.

Somewhere my doggie pulls and tugs
The fringes of rebellious rugs
Or with the mischief of the pup
Chews all my shoes and slippers up,
And when he's done it to the core
With eyes all eager pleads for more.

Somewhere upon his hinder legs
My little doggie sits and begs,



And in a wistful minor tone
Pleads for the pleasures of the bone—
I pray it be his owner's whim
To yield, and grant the same to him.

Somewhere a little dog doth wait,
It may be by the garden-gate,
With eyes alert and tail attent—
You know the kind of tail that's meant—
With stores of yelps of glad delight
To bid me welcome home at night.

Somewhere a little dog is seen,
His nose two shaggy paws between,

Flat on his stomach, one eye shut
Held fast in dreamy slumber, but
The other open, ready for
His master coming through the door.

—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Have you a dog? Pick out the lines in this poem that tell of things you have seen in your own dog. 2. Watch your dog and describe what he does in the words of the poem. 3. If you like this poem, learn it by heart. 4. Find as many other poems about dogs as you can. Paste them in your scrap-book. Here is a little verse for your book of Animal folk:

Say what you like,
All things love me!
Horse, Cow and Mouse,
Bird, Moth and Bee.

—*W. H. Davies.*

READ A STORY

Prince Jan, St. Bernard. By Forrestine C. Hooker.
The Good Dog Book. By Various Authors.
The Pet Book. By Anna B. Comstock.
Wilderness Babies. By J. A. Schwartz.
The Book of Woodcraft. By Ernest Thompson Seton.
Black Beauty. By Anna Sewell.
Old Man Coyote. By W. Thornton Burgess.

7. WABUN, THE FAITHFUL WOLF DOG

We all like dogs. Here is a good story about one. Read it silently from beginning to end for the pleasure you will get out of it.

I

LITTLE BEAVER, THE INDIAN LAD, HEARS ABOUT THE WOLF CUB

When the sweet grass grew tall in the swamps, Little Beaver gathered it for his grandmother, who wove it into baskets in the moonlight, outside the lodge. As they sat there the old Indian chief looked far off, searching the shadows. Little Beaver hoped for a story, but waited patiently as he always did. Near by slept the dogs. A long-drawn howl came from afar off, making them stir uneasily in their sleep, while some of them awoke and pointed their snouts, scenting some wild thing.

"What was that, Grandfather?" asked Little Beaver. "Was it not old Pekompf, the bobcat, who wailed then?"

"No, the voice that makes the dogs restless was not that of Pekompf, the bobcat, but the wolf call. They recognize the voice of the

wolves, for some among our village dogs are close kin to Malsun, the grey wolf.

"It is good to have a kind heart, but better still to have a brave one also. That you may understand this, listen, and you shall hear the story of Wabun, my faithful wolf dog."

Once many years ago, when I was a boy of your age, the wolves were many throughout the North Country where our tribes lived. We had mighty hunting-trips then, for the wolves had become so bold that they came close to our camps, and a tale was told that one of them had carried away a papoose. The fur pelt of the wolf is thick and warm, and we needed them in our lodges against the time when winter should come whining through the poles of the tepee.

Often as a great mark of honour the boys of the village went forth with their elders upon the hunt, because they were of use. They fell behind upon their ponies, helping to bring back the pelts, which the squaws always cured for winter clothing.

One day after following the hunt long, I lagged behind the others on my pony, for he

I Saw That it was a Young Wolf Cub.

had stepped into a rabbit hole and ran lame. The country that we were crossing was wild and strange. Suddenly my pony shied from the trail, and I saw something alive ahead of him. As we drew nearer I soon saw that it was a young wolf cub. Just a baby he was, wandering off alone, whining, searching like a papoose for his mother.

Soft and tawny was the fur of the wolf cub; puppy-like were its eyes as they looked into mine, all unafraid, not knowing its danger. So I took the little wolf cub inside my skin shirt, and carried him back to camp. Saying nothing to the others, I left the wolf cub with a mother dog and her pups, and to my joy she adopted the strange one as her own. I never spoke of my wolf dog to the other boys, because I knew they would be only too glad to kill a wolf cub.

Wabun, the Morning Star, I named him, because at night when I came to him, his eyes would gleam forth at me out of the darkness like glowing yellow stars. In time Wabun took his training and began to work with the other dogs. I taught him all he knew, but never with the lash. I made him his first harness, and he

helped me drag faggots from the forest to our lodge in wintertime. No dog of the pack could carry such a load, or endure so well the long hard trails as Wabun, my wolf dog. So when the village moved, it was Wabun who dragged the heavy poles of our tepee.

Soon he became known as a mighty leader, and his fame even spread among other tribes. No other village dog had such a fine pelt as Wabun, and he carried his beautiful plume-like tail over his back, never slinkingly, as do most of the wolf tribe. I, his master, fed him; and many a feast of salmon we had together, for well I knew where the painted fish leaped high at sunrise and sunset.

Together we shared each other's joys and sorrows. It was the fine thick fur upon the back of Wabun which warmed and comforted me in winter, as he huddled close to me like a brother. The Indian's dog has love for but one master, and he never forgets a kind one.

II

THE INDIAN CHIEF LOSES WABUN

One spring our tribe roamed far across the trails of other tribes. Far to the northward we

journeyed, where the snows last long and the dogs must work hard, often whipped to pull heavy loads, which they had not the strength to do.

One morning on this trip there was much sorrow in our midst, for my dog brother, my Wabun, was gone. In the night some enemy from another tribe had stolen into our camp and taken away my wolf dog. Long I mourned; and for days and days, secretly and alone, I followed many trails seeking the robber, until at last without him, I had to go back to our village. Already my people were preparing to move southward to the great rivers where they always spread the salmon, which the squaws would dry for our winter fare.

Bitterly and quite secretly I mourned for Wabun. My heart was heavy, but an Indian boy must always be brave and never show his sorrows lest the others laugh at him. None knew how I missed my wolf dog from his place at my shivering back in winter when it grew bitterly cold in the long nights, all through the bleak Moon of Snowshoes. I never cared to win the affection of any other dog; all were

unlike my great wolf dog, for they were but plain, snapping, flea-bitten curs, while Wabun had been a king, a chief among other dogs.

Once, one of our tribe who went into the northern fur country to barter furs, remembered to ask news of Wabun. When he returned he told how a great chief's son now owned my wolf dog. He had seen Wabun, but told me that his spirit had been nearly broken by ill-treatment, the lash, and hunger, while his eyes gleamed red now with hate, and he snarled and snapped at every one who came within his reach. No longer was he a favourite with his cruel young master, who already feared him.

When I heard this news of Wabun I became very angry, but I bided my time. My day would surely come; then I would go into that far country and rescue my poor Wabun.

III

WABUN, THE MORNING STAR, SAVES HIS MASTER

Years passed before that time finally came. Then my father sent my brother and me to trade peltry, for he was now old. The way was long, but pleasant. Two moons and two

suns we journeyed on our ponies, taking our time, hunting, fishing, even visiting our kindred. One day we somehow managed to take a wrong trail, and so strayed far from our road. Darkness came upon us and my brother and I were far apart, for each of us had set off in a different direction to find the lost trail.

Giant pines towered close about me, their sharp dead branches piercing me like spear points. Then my pony suddenly stumbled, and, without being able to save myself, I fell to the ground. My head struck a sharp stone and I was stunned. I lay there a long time. When at last I opened my eyes, I shouted loudly for my brother. No answer came back.

It was night. High overhead from where I lay, I saw between the tree-tops the silvery stars shining down upon me like watchful eyes; they were company for me in my loneliness. The wind spirits were in the trees, sighing and sobbing together over my head. Mahug, the great white loon, screamed close by; there must be water near at hand. If I could but reach it!

Koos-koos-koos, the white owl, spoke gruffly to his mate right over my head, and I saw the

gleam of his big yellow eyes in the darkness, and heard the swish of his wide wings as he flew off into the shadows.

Then, as I listened, I heard another cry: "Woo-o-oo-oo." It was the long, rallying cry of the wolves. Many voices answered the long challenge—the pack was a large one, and *they were coming my way.*

In vain did I try to reach my pony, who cropped the bushes some distance from me. My leg was stiff now, and I could not move it. I sank back in despair and even as I did so, I saw many swift grey shadows come stealing in and out between the great pine trees. It was the wolf pack. They were upon me, and I gave myself up for lost.

Next instant, a great grey wolf, leader of the pack, had sprung out upon me; soon his long cruel teeth would rend me, I knew. Then, when I was most miserable, a strange thing happened. Suddenly the great wolf leader raised his snout high, and uttered a long, mournful howl, followed by another—a yelp of recognition and delight: the cry which a dog makes when overcome. Then a hot, rough tongue began to lap

my face affectionately, and the soft whining went on.

I knew that whine. I had heard those soft whimperings many times before, and I reached up my hand and felt in the thick ruff of coarse grey fur about the big wolf neck, for I was feeling for something. Would I find it? I did, and it was the remains of an old deerskin collar I had long ago fastened around Wabun's neck. It was he, Wabun, my wolf dog! He had finally deserted his cruel master, choosing to go back again to his wolf kindred, rather than be treated hatefully by a coward.

My arms went up tight around the rough neck of Wabun. How happy we were there together! I forgot my pains, even my lost brother and the trail. Wabun whined and nosed me, seeming to understand that I was in trouble. He knew me well, his old master. Then, suddenly he left off his joyful whining; and, raising his head an instant without taking his big paws from my breast, he listened intently. Then peering into the shadows with blazing green eyes, he snapped his jaws angrily—the wolf pack, his followers, were close at hand. They

were even then impatiently watching us from the dark bushes; already they waited for the signal of their chief to charge upon me, their prey.

One more quick, affectionate lap of the long red tongue my wolf dog gave me—it was the touch of farewell. Then Wabun did a strange thing. He suddenly leaped high in the air, clear of me, darting away, and at the same time uttering a sharp cry of fear, as if warning the waiting wolves to keep away—danger was there. Hearing this warning cry from their leader, the wolves silently slunk back into the dark shadows of the forest. Then, far ahead, I heard a loud rallying cry—it was Wabun, commanding his followers to join him; summoning the pack away from me.

"Woo-o-o-o, ooo," sounded his call. Wabun was already far away; he was running fast, taking the wolves off upon another trail, far away from his wounded master. I strained my ears to catch that long, long call, which now came faintly, and at last died away, leaving the forest still. I heard the voice of Wabun no more.

Never again did I hear his voice or see him, but I was content, even happy, when I now thought of him. For had he not escaped from cruelty, and was he not once more happy with his tribe? But best of all—Wabun, my wolf dog, had proved faithful to me, his master, who had always treated him with respect and kindness, even as a brother.

In a few hours my own brother found my trail, and at sunrise we again mounted our ponies and rode to the northward.

—*Jean M. Thompson.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read the story again, and tell the class how Wabun proved himself to be a faithful wolf dog. 2. Why was he called a "Wolf dog"? 3. Read the story once more, and try to answer these questions: (a) How did the grandfather get Wabun? (b) How did he lose him? (c) How did he find him again? (d) How did Wabun keep the wolf pack from attacking Grandfather? 4. "When winter should come whining through the poles of the tepee." What picture do you see in this line? What is the feeling? What word especially brings out this picture, this feeling? 5. Pick out as many lines and words as you can, that give vivid pictures and feelings. 6. Pick out the words that describe winter as you know it. 7. Do you know the story of a dog or horse faithful to its master? Write it out, or tell it to the class. 8. What do you see in these dumb animals that you would like to see in your friends?

READ A STORY

Bobby: A Great Collie. By Charles Alexander.
Beautiful Joe. By Marshall Saunders.
A Dog of Flanders. By Louise De La Ramee.
Bowser the Hound. By W. Thornton Burgess.
Jim: the Story of a Backwoods Police Dog. By C. G. D. Roberts.

8. WHAT THE FAWNS MUST KNOW

I

A PRETTY PLACE FOR A DEN

To this day it is hard to understand how any eyes could have found them, they were so perfectly hidden. I was following a little brook, which led me by its singing to a deep dingle in the very heart of the big woods. A great fallen tree lay across my path and made a bridge over the stream. Now bridges are for crossing; that is plain to even the least of the wood folk; so I sat down on the mossy trunk to see who my neighbours might be, and what little feet were passing on the King's Highway.

Here, beside me, are claw-marks in the moldy bark. Only a bear could leave that deep, strong imprint. And see! there is where the moss slipped and broke beneath his weight. A rest-

A Mother Fawn and Her Young

less tramp is Mooween, who scatters his records over forty miles of hillside on a summer day, when his lazy mood happens to leave him for a season. Here, on the other side, are the bronze-green petals of a spruce cone, chips from a squirrel's workshop, scattered as if Meeko has brushed them hastily from his yellow apron when he rushed out to see Mooween as he passed. There, beyond, is a mink sign, plain as daylight, where Cheokhes sat down a little while after his breakfast of frogs. And here, clinging to a stub, touching my elbow as I sit with heels dangling idly over the lazy brook, is a crinkly yellow hair, which tells me that Eleemos the Sly One, as Simon calls him, hates to wet his feet, and so uses a fallen tree, or stone in the brook, for a bridge, like his brother fox of the settlements.

Just in front of me was another fallen tree, lying alongside the stream in such a way that no animal more dangerous than a roving mink would ever think of using it. Under its roots, away from the brook, was a hidden and roomy little house, with hemlock tips drooping over its doorway for a curtain. "A pretty place for a

den," I thought; "for no one could ever find you there." Then, as if to contradict me, a stray sunbeam found the spot and sent curious bright glintings of sheen and shadow dancing and playing under the fallen roots and trunk. "Beautiful!" I cried, as the light fell on the brown mould and flecked it with white and yellow. The sunbeam went away again, but seemed to leave its brightness behind it; for there was still the gold-brown mould under the roots, and the flecks of white and yellow. I stooped down to see it better; I reached in my hand—then the brown mould changed suddenly to softest fur; the glintings of white and yellow were the dappled sides of two little fawns, lying there very still and frightened, just where their mother had hidden them when she went away.

They were but a few days old when I found them. Each had on his little Joseph's coat; and each, I think, must have had also a magic cloak somewhere about him; for he had only to lie down anywhere to become invisible. The curious markings, like the play of light and shadow through the leaves, hid the little owners perfectly, so long as they held themselves still, and

let the sunbeams dance over them. Their beautiful heads were a study for an artist,—delicate, graceful, exquisitely coloured. And their great soft eyes had a questioning innocence, as they met yours, which went straight to your heart and made you claim the beautiful creatures for your own instantly. There is nothing in all the woods that so takes your heart by storm as the face of a little fawn.

II

THE FAWNS MEET A FRIEND

They were timid at first, lying close, without motion of any kind. The instinct of obedience—the first and strongest instinct of every creature born into this world—kept them loyal to the mother's command to stay where they were and be still till she came back. So even after the hemlock curtain was brushed aside, and my eyes saw and my hand touched them, they kept their heads flat to the ground and pretended that they were only parts of the brown forest floor, and that the spots on their bright coats were but flecks of summer sunshine.

I felt then that I was an intruder; that I ought to go straight away and leave them; but

the little things were too beautiful, lying there in their wonderful old den, with fear and wonder and questionings dancing in their soft eyes as they turned them back at me like a mischievous child playing peekaboo. It is a tribute to our higher nature that one cannot see a beautiful thing anywhere without wanting to draw near, to see, to touch, to possess it. And here was beauty such as one rarely finds, and, though I was an intruder, I could not go away.

The hand that touched the little wild things brought no sense of danger with it. It searched out the spots behind their velvet ears, where they love to be rubbed; it wandered down over their backs with a little wavy caress in its motion; it curled its palm up softly under their moist muzzles and brought their tongues out instantly for the faint suggestion of salt that was in it. Suddenly their heads came up. Play was over now. They had forgotten their hiding, their first lesson; they turned and looked at me full with their great, innocent, questioning eyes. It was wonderful; I was undone. One must give his life, if need be, to defend the little things after they had looked at him just once like that.

When I rose at last, after petting them to my heart's content, they staggered up to their feet and came out of their house. Their mother had told them to stay; but here was another big kind animal, evidently, whom they might safely trust. "Take the gifts the gods provide thee" was the thought in their little heads; and the taste in their tongues' ends, when they licked my hand, was the nicest thing they had ever known. As I turned away they ran after me, with a plaintive little cry, to bring me back. When I stopped they came close, nestling against me, one on either side, and lifted their heads to be petted and rubbed again.

Standing so, all eagerness and wonder, they were a perfect study in first impressions of the world. Their ears had already caught the deer trick of twitching nervously and making trumpets at every sound. A leaf rustled, a twig broke, the brook's song swelled as a floating stick jammed in the current, and instantly the fawns were all alert. Eyes, ears, noses questioned the phenomenon. Then they would raise their eyes slowly to mine. "This is a wonderful world. This big wood is full of music. We

know so little. Tell us all about it,"—that is what the beautiful eyes were saying as they lifted up to mine, full of innocence and delight at the joy of living. Then the hands that rested fondly, one on either soft neck, moved down from their ears with a caressing sweep and brought up under their moist muzzles. Instantly the wood and its music vanished; the questions ran away out of their eyes. Their eager tongues were out, and all the unknown sounds were forgotten in the new sensation of lapping a man's palm, with a wonderful taste hidden somewhere under its friendly roughnesses. They were still licking my hands, nestling close against me, when a twig snapped faintly far behind us.

Now twig-snapping is the great index to all that passes in the wilderness. Curiously enough, no two animals can break even a twig under their feet and give the same warning. The *crack* under a bear's foot, except when he is stalking his game, is heavy and heedless. The hoof of a moose crushes a twig, and chokes the sound of it before it can tell its message fairly. When a twig speaks under a deer in his passage through the woods, the sound is sharp, dainty, alert. It

suggests the *plop* of a raindrop into the lake. And the sound behind us now could not be mistaken. The mother of my little innocents was coming.

III

THE MOTHER DEER'S SURPRISE

I hated to frighten her, and through her to destroy their new confidence; so I hurried back to the den, the little ones running close by my side. Ere I was half-way, a twig snapped sharply again; there was a swift rustle in the underbrush, and a doe sprang out, with a low bleat as she saw the home log. At sight of me she stopped short, trembling violently, her ears pointing forward like two accusing fingers, an awful fear in her soft eyes as she saw her little ones with her arch-enemy between them, his hands resting on their innocent necks. Her body swayed away, every muscle tense for the jump; but her feet seemed rooted to the spot. Slowly she swayed back to her balance, her eyes holding mine; then away again as the danger scent poured into her nose. But still the feet stayed. She could not move; could not believe. Then, as I waited quietly and tried to make my eyes

say all sorts of friendly things, the harsh, throaty *K-a-a-a-h! k-a-a-a-h!* the danger cry of the deer, burst like a trumpet blast through the woods, and she leaped back to cover.

At the sound the little ones jumped as if stung, and plunged into the brush in the opposite direction. But the strange place frightened them; the hoarse cry that went crashing through the startled woods filled them with nameless dread. In a moment they were back again, nestling close against me, growing quiet as the hands stroked their sides without tremor or hurry.

Around us, out of sight, ran the fear-haunted mother, calling, calling; now showing her head, with the terror deep in her eyes; now dashing away, with her white flag up, to show her little ones the way they must take. But the fawns gave no heed after the first alarm. They felt the change; their ears were twitching nervously, and their eyes, which had not yet grown quick enough to measure distances and find their mother in her hiding, were full of strange terror as they questioned mine. Still, under the alarm, they felt the kindness which the poor

mother, dog-driven and waylaid by guns, had never known. And they stayed, with a deep wisdom beyond all her cunning, where they knew they were safe.

I led them slowly back to their hiding-place, gave them a last lick at my hands, and pushed them gently under the hemlock curtain. When they tried to come out I pushed them back again. "Stay there, and mind your mother; stay there, and follow your mother," I kept whispering. And to this day I have a half-belief that they understood, not the words, but the feeling behind it; for they grew quiet after a time and looked out with wide-open, wondering eyes. Then I dodged out of sight, jumped the fallen log, to throw them off the scent should they come out, crossed the brook, and glided out of sight into the underbrush. Once safely out of hearing, I headed straight for the open, a few yards away, where the blasted white stems of the burned hillside showed through the green of the big woods, and climbed, and looked, and changed my position, till I could see the fallen tree under whose roots my little innocents were hiding.

IV

WHAT EVERY FAWN MUST KNOW

The hoarse danger cry had ceased; the woods were still again. A movement in the underbrush, and I saw the doe glide out beyond the brook and stand looking, listening. She bleated softly; the hemlock curtain was thrust aside, and the little ones came out. At sight of them she leaped forward, a great gladness showing eloquently in every line of her graceful body, rushed up to them, dropped her head and ran her keen nose over them, ears to tail and down their sides and back again, to be sure, and sure again, that they were her own little ones and were not harmed. All the while the fawns nestled close to her, as they had done a moment before to me, and lifted their heads to touch her sides with their noses, and ask in their own dumb way what it was all about, and why she had run away.

Then, as the smell of the man came to her from the tainted underbrush, the absolute necessity of teaching them their neglected second lesson, before another danger should find them, swept over her in a flood. She sprang aside

with a great bound, and the hoarse *K-a-a-a-h! k-a-a-a-h!* crashed through the woods again. Her tail was straight up, the white flag showing like a beacon light as she jumped away. Behind her the fawns stood startled a moment, trembling with a new wonder. Then their flags went up, too, and they wobbled away on slender legs through the tangles and over the rough places of the wood, bravely following their leader. And I, watching from my hiding, with a vague regret that they could never again be mine, not even for a moment, saw only the crinkling lines of underbrush and here and there the flash of a little white flag. So they went up the hill and out of sight.

First, lie still; and second, follow the white flag. When I saw them again it needed no danger cry of the mother to remind them of those two things that every fawn must know who will live to grow up in the big woods.

—*William J. Long.*

HELPS TO STUDY

Charles Lamb once said that we should "say grace before books." By that he meant we should put ourselves in the right mood. Mr. Long helps you greatly in this, for you saw how careful he was to make your eyes and ears sharp,

because in this wonderful open book of nature lovely surprises were waiting—if you had quick eyes and ears. You feel that something is going to happen, and it does. In reading one should not forget the book of out-of-doors.

C. SHIPS AND SAILORS

1. THE PIRATE STORY

A Song from the Land of Make Believe

Three of us afloat in the meadow by the swing,
Three of us aboard in the basket on the lea.
Winds are in the air, they are blowing in the spring,
And waves are on the meadow like the waves there are at sea.

Where shall we adventure, to-day that we're afloat,
Wary of the weather and steering by a star?
Shall it be to Africa, a-steering of the boat,
To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar?

Hi! but here's a squadron a-rowing on the sea—
Cattle on the meadow a-charging with a roar!
Quick, and we'll escape them, they're as mad as they can be,
The wicket is the harbour, and the garden is the shore.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

2. BILLY TOPSAIL

This is a story about the sea by a Canadian writer, Norman Duncan. He has many stories about the Atlantic sea-board, off Nova Scotia, Labrador and Newfoundland. This story is taken from one of his books called *Billy Topsail.*

I

BILLY GOES SEAL HUNTING

What befell old Tom Topsail and his crew came in the course of the day's work. Fishermen and seal hunters, such as the folk of Ruddy Cove, may not wait for favourable weather: when the fish are running, they must fish; when the seals are on the drift-ice offshore in the spring, they must hunt.

So on that day when the seals were sighted by the watch on Lookout Head, it was a matter of course that the men of the place should set out to the hunt.

Bill Watt, his mate, scanned the sky in the northeast. It was heavy, cold, and leaden—fluffy grey towards the zenith, and black where the clouds met the barren hills.

"I s'pose," he said, "that 'twill blow, too."

"Oh, aye," Topsail replied indifferently, "snow 'n' blow. We'll know what 'twill do when it begins," he added. "Billy, b'y!" he shouted.

In response Billy Topsail came bounding down the rocky path from the cottage. He was stout for his age, with broad shoulders, long thick arms, and large hands. There was a boy's flush of expectation on his face, and the flash of a boy's delight in his eyes. He was willing for adventure.

"Bill an' me'll take the rodney[1]," Topsail drawled. "I s'pose you might's well fetch the punt, an' we'll send you back with the first haul."

"Hooray!" cried Billy; and with that he waved his cap and sped back up the hill.

"Fetch your gaff, lad!" Topsail called after him. "Make haste! There's Joshua Rideout with his sail up. 'Tis time we was off."

"Looks more'n ever like snow," Bill Watt observed while they waited. "I'm thinkin' 'twill snow."

The wind was light, the sea quiet, the sky thinly overcast. Had it not been for the threat of heavy weather in the northeast, it would have been an ideal day for the hunt. The punt and the rodney, the latter far in the lead, ran

[1]A small, sturdy sail-boat used by fishermen.

quietly out from the harbour with their little sails all spread. From the punt Billy Topsail could soon see the small, scattered packs of seals —black dots against the white of the ice.

When the rodney made the field, the punts of the harbour fleet had disappeared in the winding lanes of open water that led through the floe. Tom Topsail was late. The nearer seals were all marked by the hunters who had already landed. The rodney would have to be taken farther in than the most venturesome hunter had yet dared to go—perilously[1] far into the midst of the shifting ice.

"We got to go right in, Bill," said Topsail, as he furled the rodney's sails.

"I s'pose," was Watt's reply, with a backward glance to the northeast. "An' Billy?"

"'Tis not wise to take him in," Topsail answered hastily. "We'll have him bide here."

II

BILLY IS TOLD TO WAIT

Billy was hailed and, to his great disappointment, warned to keep beyond the edge of the floe. Then the rodney shot into the lane, with

[1] Dangerously.

Topsail and Bill Watt rowing like mad. She was soon lost to sight. Billy shipped his sail and paddled to the edge of the ice, to wait, as patiently as might be, for the reappearance of the rodney.

At last there came an ominous puff of wind. It swept over the sea from the coast, whipping up little waves in its course—frothy little waves that hissed. Heavy flakes of snow began to fall. As the wind rose, they fell faster, and came driving, swirling with it.

With the fall of the first flakes the harbour fleet came pell-mell from the floe. Not a man among them but wished himself in a sheltered place. Sails were raised in haste, warnings were shouted; then off went the boats, beating up to harbour with all sails set.

"Make sail, lad!" old Elisha Bull shouted to Billy, as his punt swung past.

Billy shook his head. "I'll beat back with father!" he cried.

"You'll lose yourself!" Elisha screamed, as a last warning, before his punt carried him out of hail.

Tom and Bill Make a Fire in the Storm.

But Billy still hung at the edge of the ice. His father had said, "Bide here till we come out," and "bide" there he would.

He kept watch for the rodney, but no rodney came. Minute after minute flew by. He hesitated. Was it not his duty to beat home? There was still the fair chance that he might be able to make the harbour. Did he not owe a duty to his mother—to himself?

But a crashing noise from the floe brought him instantly to a decision. He knew what that noise meant. The ice was feeling the force of the wind. It would pack and move out to sea. The lane by which the rodney had entered then slowly closed.

At once the lad's duty was plain to him. He must stay where he was. If his father and Bill Watt managed to get to the edge of the ice afoot, who else was to take them off?

III

BILLY, THE HERO OF THE ICE PACKS

The ice was moving out to sea, Billy knew. The pans were crunching, grinding ever more noisily. But he let the punt drift as near as

he dared, and so followed the pack towards the open, keeping watch, ever more hopelessly, for the black forms of the two men.

Soon, so fast did the sea rise, so wild was the wind, his own danger was very great. The ice was like a rocky shore to leeward. He began to fear that he would be wrecked.

Time and again the punt was nearly swamped, but Billy dared not drop the oars to bail. There was something more. His arms, stout and seasoned though they were, were giving out. It would not long be possible to keep the boat off the ice.

At last he came to a cove. It narrowed to a long, winding arm which apparently extended some distance into the floe. There he found quiet water. He landed without difficulty at a point where the arm was no more than a few yards wide. Dusk was then approaching. The wind was bitterly cold, and the snow was thick and blinding.

It would not be safe, he knew, to leave the boat in the water, for at any moment the shifting pans might close and crush it. He tried to lift it out of the water, but his strength was

not sufficient. He managed to get the bow on the ice; that was all.

"I'll just have to leave it," he thought. "I'll just have to trust that 'twill not be nipped."

Near by there was a hummock of ice. He sought the lee of it, and there, protected from the wind, he sat down to wait.

Often, when the men were spinning yarns in the cottages of Ruddy Cove of a winter night, he had listened, open-mouthed, to the tales of seal hunters who had been cast away. Now he was himself drifting out to sea. He had no fire, no food, no shelter but a hummock of ice. He had the bitterness of the night to pass through—the hunger of to-morrow to face.

"But sure," he muttered with characteristic hopefulness, "I've a boat, an' many a man has been cast away without one."

He thought he had better make another effort to haul the boat on the ice. Some movement of the pack might close the arm where it floated. So he stumbled toward the place.

He stared round in amazement and alarm; then he uttered a cry of terror. The open water had disappeared.

"She's been nipped!" he sobbed. "She's been nipped—nipped to splinters! I've lost meself!"

Night came fast. An hour before, so dense was the storm, nothing had been visible sixty paces away; now nothing was to be seen anywhere. Where was the rodney? Had his father and Bill Watt escaped from the floe by some new opening? Were they safe at home? Were they still on the floe? He called their names. The swish of the storm, the cracking and crunching of the ice as the wind swept it on—that was all that he heard.

For a long time he sat in dull despair. He hoped no longer.

By and by, when it was deep night, something occurred to distract him. He caught sight of a crimson glow, flaring and fading. It seemed to be in the sky, now far off, now near at hand. He started up.

"What's that?" he muttered.

IV

WHAT HAPPENED TO TOM AND BILL?

Meanwhile, under the powerful strokes of old Tom Topsail and Bill Watt, the rodney had fol-

lowed the open leads into the heart of the floe. From time to time Watt muttered a warning; but the spirit of the hunt fully possessed Tom, and his only cry was: "Push on! Push on!"

Seal after seal escaped, while the sky darkened. He was only the more determined not to go back empty-handed.

"I tells you," Watt objected, "we'll not get out. There's the wind now. And snow, man—snow!"

Topsail thought no more about seals. The storm was fairly upon them. His only concern was to escape from the floe. He was glad, indeed, that Billy had not followed them. He had that, at least, to be thankful for.

They turned the boat. Bending to the oars, they followed the lane by which they had entered. Confusion came with the wind and snow.

"Trapped!" muttered Watt.

"Aye, lad," Topsail said solemnly, "trapped!"

They rested on their oars. Ice was on every hand. They stared into each other's eyes.

Then for the second time Watt ran his glance over the shores of the lake in which they floated.

He started, then pointed in the direction from which they had come. Topsail needed no word of explanation. The ice was closing in. The pressure of the pack beyond would soon obliterate the lake. They rowed desperately for the nearest shore.

When the boat struck the ice Watt jumped ashore with the painter. Topsail, leaping from seat to seat, followed instantly. At that moment there was a loud crack like a clap of thunder. It was followed by a crunching noise.

"It's comin'!" screamed Topsail.

"Heave away!"

They caught the bow, lifted it out of the water, and with a united effort slowly hauled it out of harm's way. A moment later there was no sign of open water.

"Thank God!" gasped Topsail.

Now they sat silent in the lee of the upturned boat, with the snow swirling about them; again they ran madly back and forth; yet again they swung their arms and stamped their feet. At last, do what they would, they shivered all the time. Then they sat quietly down.

"I'm wonderful glad Billy is safe home," Watt observed.

"I wisht I was sure o' that," said Topsail. "It looks bad for us, Bill, lad. The ice is drivin' out fast, an' I'm thinkin' 'twill blow steady for a day. It looks wonderful bad for us, an' I'd feel—easier in me mind—about the lad's mother—if I knowed he was safe home."

Late in the night Topsail turned to Watt. He had to nudge him to get his attention. "It's awful cold, Bill," he said. "We got the boat, lad. Eh? We got the boat."

"No, no, Tom! Not yet! We'd be sure doomed without the boat."

Half an hour passed. Again Topsail roused Watt.

"We're doomed if we don't," he said. "We can't stand it till mornin', lad. We can't wait no longer.

Watt blundered to his feet. Without a word he fumbled in the snow until he found what he sought. It was the axe. He handed it to Topsail.

"Do it, Tom!" he said thickly. "I'm near gone."

Topsail attacked the boat. It was like murder, he thought. He struck blow after blow, blindly, viciously; gathered the splinters, made a little heap of them, and set them afire. The fire blazed brightly. Soon it was roaring. The ice all around was lighted up. Above, the snow reflected the lurid glow.

Warmth and a cheerful light put life in the men. They crept as close to the fire as they could. Reason would shut out hope altogether, but hope came to them. Might not the storm abate? Might not the wind change? Might not they be picked up? In this strain they talked for a long time; and meanwhile they added the fuel, splinter by splinter!"

V

WHEN MORNING CAME

"Father! 'tis you!"

Topsail leaped to his feet and stared.

"'Tis Billy!" cried Watt.

Billy staggered into the circle of light. He stared stupidly at the fire. Then he tottered a step or two nearer and stood swaying, and again he stared at the fire in a stupid way.

"I seed the fire!" he mumbled. "The punt's nipped, sir—an' I seed the fire—an' crawled over the ice. 'Twas hard to find you."

Tom Topsail and Bill Watt understood. They, too, had travelled rough ice in a blizzard, and they understood.

Billy was wet to the waist. That meant that blinded by the snow or deceived by the night, he had slipped through some opening in the ice, some crack or hole. The bare thought of that lonely peril was enough to make the older men shudder. But they asked him no questions. They led him to the fire, and set him down between them. By and by he was so far recovered that he was able to support his father's argument that the wind had not changed.

"Oh, well," replied Watt, doggedly, "you can say what you likes, but I tells you that the wind's veered to the south. 'Twould not surprise me if the pack was drivin' Cape Wonder way."

"No, no, Bill," said Topsail, sadly; "there's been no change. We're drivin' straight out. When the wind drops the pack'll go to pieces, an' then—"

They argued until near dawn. Of a sudden they heard a low, far-off rumble. It was a terrifying noise. It ran toward them. It was like the bumping that runs through a freight-train when the engine comes to a sudden stop.

The pack trembled. There was then a fearful confusion of grinding, crashing sounds. Everywhere the ice was heaving and turning. The smaller pans were crushed; many of the greater ones were forced on end; some were lifted bodily out of the water, and fell back in fragments, broken by their own weight. On all sides were noise and awful upheaval. The great pan upon which the seal hunters had landed was tipped up—up—up—until it was like the side of a steep hill. There it rested. Then came silence.

Bill Watt was right; the wind had changed; the pack had grounded on Cape Wonder. The three men from Ruddy Cove walked ashore in the morning.

—*Norman Duncan.*

(Abridged)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read the story silently. Now shut your eyes, and try to picture the events one after the other as they occurred.
2. Read the story again, and as you go along write out the

words that give you trouble. Try to discover their meaning from the story. 3. Learn the correct pronunciation of each word. Say them over and over till you know them. 4. Tell the story to your class or other groups that you know. 5. Read the story orally to the class. 6. Dramatize the story as much as you can. 7. Read the whole story of Billy Topsail for the enjoyment you will get out of it. 8. We sometimes say that a sailor's words "taste of the sea." What words do you find that sound just like a sailor? 9. Words like "nipped to splinters" are easy to remember, and we sometimes like them because they have "punch." What do these mean: "to end in smoke"; "to give the show away"?

3. A CAPITAL SHIP

Now here is a different kind of sea piece, a happy ditty with a swing that will delight you. You will like the strong open vowels, the lift and roll of the rhyme like a dancing ship at sea, and may want to shout them. If you look at the lines you will see that every other one has a double rhyme. Don't you like this sort of song?

1

A capital ship for an ocean trip
  Was the Walloping Window Blind!
No wind that blew dismayed the crew
  Or troubled the captain's mind;
The man at the wheel was made to feel
  Contempt for the wildest blow-ow-ow,
Though it often appeared, when the gale had cleared,
  That he'd been in his bunk below.

CHORUS.

Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho!
A-roving I will go!
I'll stay no more on England's shore,
So let the music play-ay-ay!
I'm off for the morning train!
I'll cross the raging main!
I'm off to my love with a boxing-glove,
Ten thousand miles away!

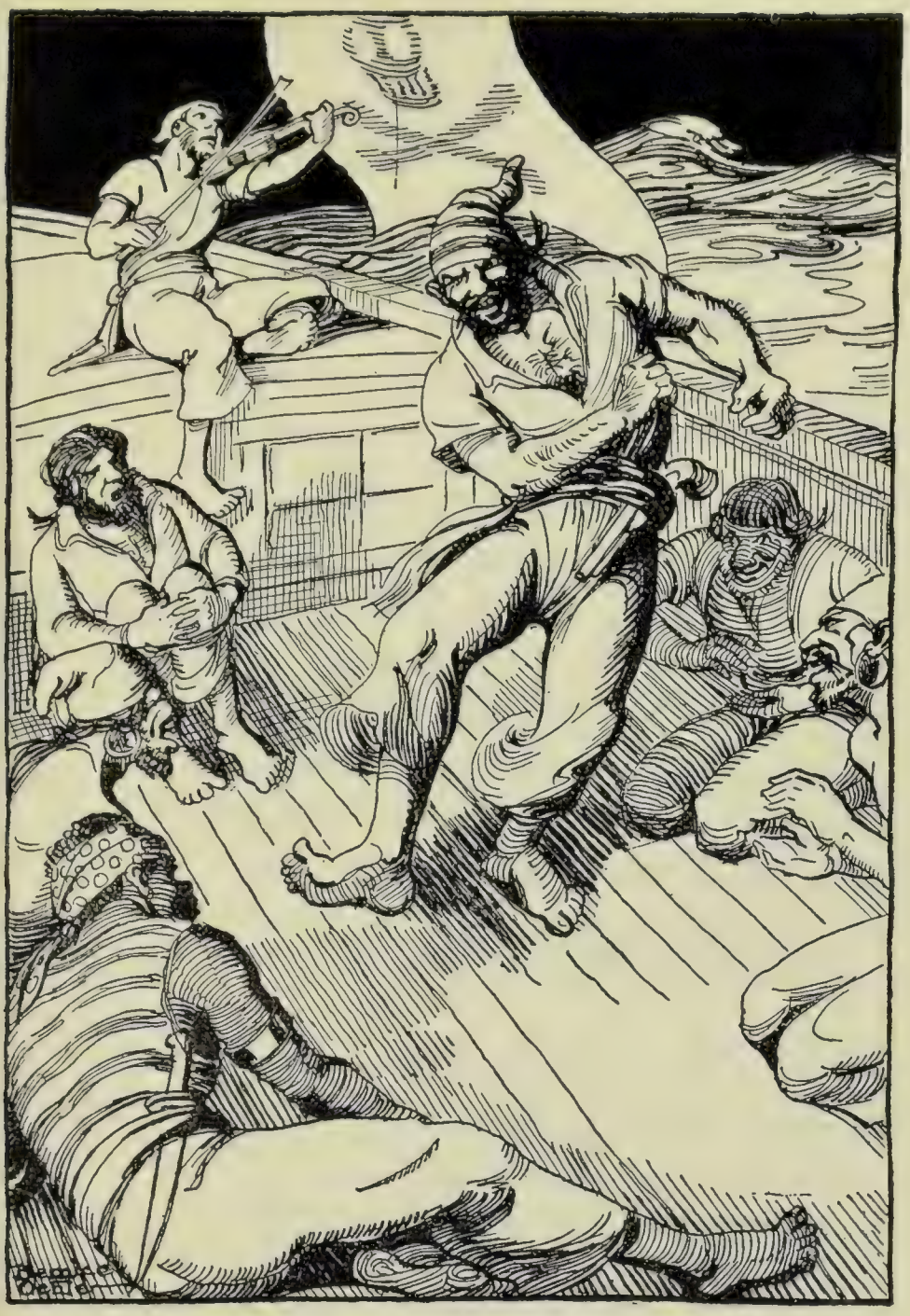
2

The bo'swain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement, too;
He played hop-scotch with the starboard-watch,
While the captain, he tickled the crew!
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat in the after rai-ai-ail,
And fired salutes with the captain's boots
In the teeth of the booming gale.

CHORUS: Then blow, etc.

3

The captain sat on the commodore's hat
And dined, in a royal way,
Off toasted pigs and pickles and figs
And gunnery bread each day.



"Then Blow, Ye Winds, Heigh-ho!"

And the cook was Dutch, and behaved as such;
For the diet he gave the crew-ew-ew
Was a number of tons of hot-cross-buns
Served up with sugar and glue.

CHORUS: Then blow, etc.

4

All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles;
And the rubbly Ubdugs roar;
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea.

CHORUS: Then blow, etc.

5

On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Torriby Zone.

She was chubby and square, but we didn't much
care.
So we cheerily put to sea-ea-ea;
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.
CHORUS: Then blow, etc.

—From *St. Nicholas.*

HELPS TO STUDY

Stevenson's little pirates in their basket boat on the lawn were perhaps cousins of these gallant seamen! The good ship, *Walloping Window Blind,* may have been the window of a playroom. Anyhow, all sailors seem to be gay, and this song is put here just for its happy, rollicking music. In this make-believe land there are absurd things done, and ridiculous words used—just as there should be. Do not worry about the words. Sing it. That is what songs are for.

4. THE LEE-SHORE

This poem gives a picture of the other side of sea life—the anxious faces that look out from cottages for signs of loved ones.

Her heart cried out,—"Come home, come home,"
When the storm beat in at the door,
When the window showed a spatter of foam,
And her ear rang with the roar
Of the reef; and she called again, "Come home,"
To the ship in reach of the shore.

"But not to-night," flashed the signal light
From the Cape that guarded the bay,
"No, not to-night," rang the foam where the white
Hard edge of the breakers lay;
"Keep away from the crash of the storm at its height,
Keep away from the land, keep away."

"Come home," her heart cried out again,
"For the edge of the reef is white."
But she pressed her face to the window-pane,
And read the flash of the signal light;
Then her voice called out when her heart was slain,
"Keep away, my love, to-night."

—*E. J. Pratt.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. The *lee* side of a ship is the side opposite to the *weather* (or wind) side. To be "under the lee" of a ship, or an island, is to be under its shelter. 2. A *lee shore*, however, is that part of the coast *against* which the wind blows, and dangerous to ships. 3. Write a short story of your own on "Those Who were Left Behind." 4. Who was it whose "heart cried out"? 5. To whom was she calling? 6. Wasn't she, on shore, just as brave, though in a different way, as those on board the ship?

4. A SONG OF THE SEA

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
And a wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on our lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
The white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;

The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

—*Allan Cunningham.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read this poem silently two or three times. 2. Now read it aloud to yourself. Listen for the music of it. 3. What is the chief picture that you see? 4. Do you seem to hear anything? 5. "The white waves heaving high." Picture this to yourself. Can you find a good illustration for it? 6. What lines give you vivid pictures? Which do you like best? Why? 7. Which of the following words best expres$_s$

the feeling of this poem—gloom, joy, sadness, fear, gladness. 8. What line shows the vastness of the sea. 9. Find other qualities of the sea. 10. How does the poet make the wind and waves sing in the poem? Repeat the lines. 11. Memorize the poem. 12. Make a "Book of the Sea." Put in it your pictures of the sea. Add pictures of all kinds of vessels and steamers. 13. Rudyard Kipling, Sir Henry Newbolt, Algernon Swinburne, John Masefield, as well as our own Bliss Carman, E. J. Pratt, C. G. D. Roberts and Theodore Goodridge Roberts have all written wonderful songs about the sea. Have you any books containing their poems in your school library? 14. Wouldn't you like to make a little Book of the Sea all your own? What songs of the sea would you include? 15. Of all poems about the sea which is the one you love best? Tell why. 16. How do you like the one that follows? It is called "The Song of the Sea," and nobody seems to know who wrote it, but it is very beautiful.

THE SONG OF THE SEA

So, whether the storm king whitens its shoals,
Or whether by soft winds fann'd,
I love the sound of the sea as it rolls
In the hollow of God's hand;
For I was born within sound of its waves,
And it ever shall be to me
The song of all songs that I love the best,
The roar of the gray old sea, the laugh of the summer sea.

READ A STORY

Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides. By Rudyard Kipling.
Coral Island. By R. M. Ballantyne.
Captain Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling.

Oh, for a book and a shady nook,
Either in-a-door or out,
With the green leaves whispering overhead
Or the street cry all about,
Where I may read all at my ease,
Both of the new and the old;
For a jolly good book wherein to look
Is better to me than gold.

—John Wilson.

Part Three

FAMOUS STORIES OLD AND NEW

A. TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

Stories Old and New

We do not know when stories first began to be written. Long before people used either paper or pen or ink, they were accustomed to gather in groups and listen to one of their number tell stories. We still like to hear stories told, but, as every one except very young children can read now, most people get their stories from books.

The little stanza at the beginning of this section tells us what pleasure there is to be had in reading books. There are many kinds of stories. Some are written about men and events that happened long years ago; others are about things that happened yesterday.

The story of Ulysses is a very old one. He was a Greek

hero, who did great deeds and travelled over many lands. This story tells us of some of the things he did and saw.

Almost every country has collections of stories about some of its great men and women. The story that follows Ulysses is one of a great collection called *The Arabian Nights' Tales*. It is strange how these stories started. A great and powerful Arabian King was angry with his wife. She really had not done anything wrong, but he thought that she had, and he was going to kill her before the night was passed. As a last favour she asked him if she might tell him a story while waiting for the fatal hour to arrive. Her request being granted, she started to tell him a story, and just as she reached the most interesting and exciting moment in the story the hour-glass ran out and the time had arrived for her death. The king was so anxious to hear the rest of the story, that he pardoned her for that night.

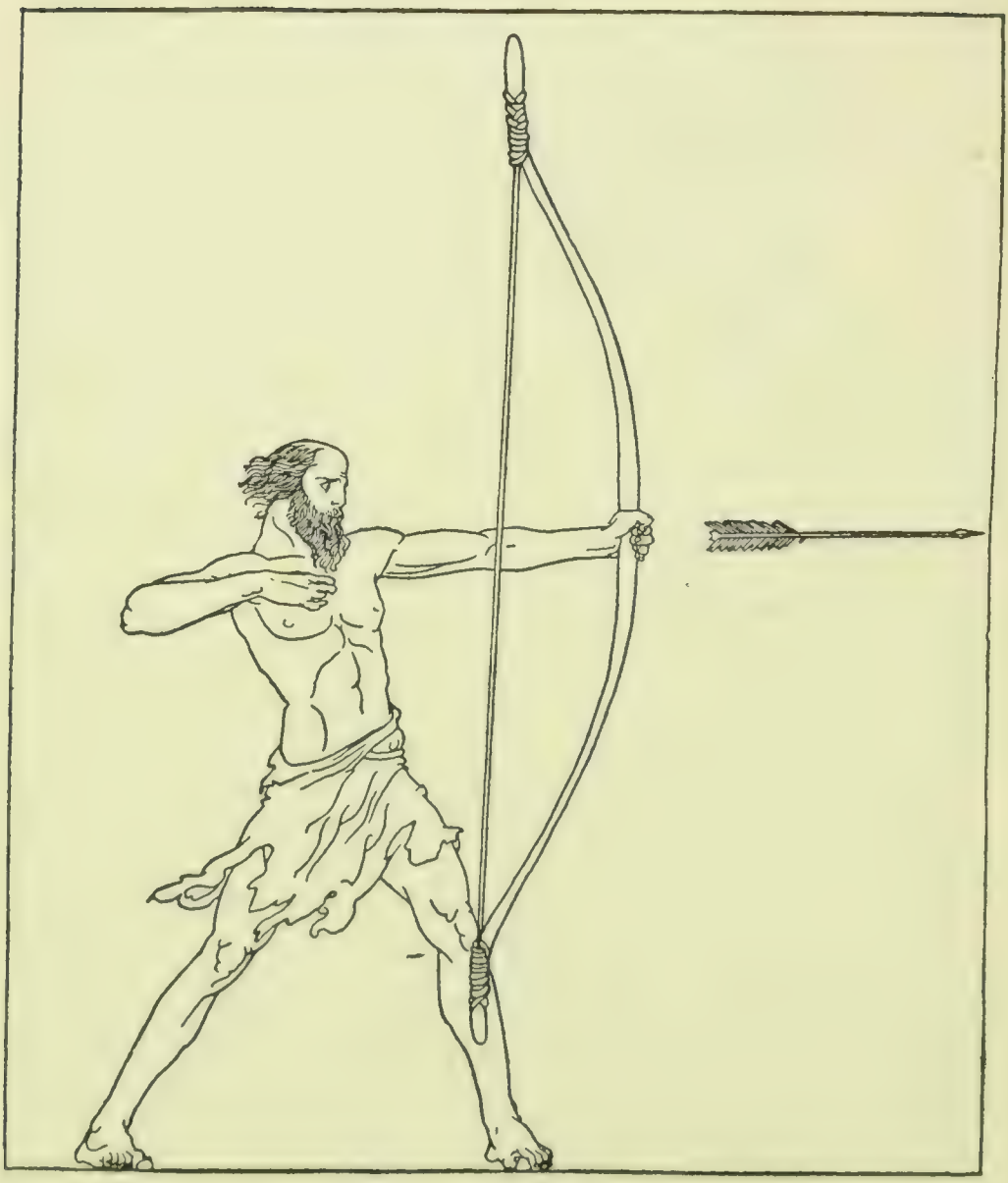
The next night the same thing happened. The king was more anxious than ever to hear the end of the story. In this way many nights went by, till at last there had been told a thousand and one stories. The king was so pleased with the stories and with his wife, that he pardoned her for all time, and, as stories go, they lived happily ever afterward.

1. THE TRIAL OF THE BOW

After much travelling and many adventures Ulysses, at last, arrived home, disguised as a beggar. No one but the swineherd and Telemachus knew who he was. Ulysses's wife, Penelope, had decided on that day to put the suitors to a test to find out which one she would follow.

Ulysses laid him down in the gallery of the hall. On a bull's hide undressed he lay, and over

Pronounced U-lys'-ses; Pē-nĕl'ŏ-pē; Tē-lĕm'ă-kus



THE GREAT BOW OF ULYSSES.

him he put fleeces of sheep that had been slain for sacrifice and feast, and the dame that kept the house threw a mantle over him.

When the morning came Ulysses awoke, and he took up the fleeces, and set them on a seat in the hall, and the bull's hide he carried without. Then he lifted up his hands to Zeus, and prayed saying, "O Father Zeus, if thou hast led me to my own country of good will, then give me a sign."

And even as he spake Zeus thundered from Olympus; and Ulysses heard it and was glad.

After a while the suitors came and sat down, as was their wont, to the feast. And the servants bare to Ulysses, as Telemachus had bidden, a full share with the others. And when a prince of Samos saw this, he said: "Is it well that this fellow should fare even as we? Look now at the gift that I shall give him." Whereupon he took a bullock's foot out of a basket wherein it lay and cast it at Ulysses, but he moved his head to the left and shunned it, and it flew on, marking the wall.

After this Penelope went to fetch the great bow of Ulysses. From the peg on which it hung

she took it with its sheath, and sitting down, she laid it on her knees and wept over it, and after this rose up and went to where the suitors sat feasting in the hall. The bow she brought, and also the quiver full of arrows, and standing by the pillar of the dome spake thus:

"Ye suitors, who devour this house, making pretence that ye wish to wed me, lo! here is a proof of your skill. Here is the bow of the great Ulysses. Whoso shall bend it easiest in his hands, and shoot an arrow most easily through the helve-holes of the twelve axes that Telemachus shall set up, him will I follow, leaving this house, which I shall remember only in my dreams."

Then Telemachus planted in due order the axes wherein were the helve-holes, and was minded himself to draw the bow; and indeed would have done the thing, but Ulysses signed to him that he should not. Wherefore, he said, "Methinks I am too weak and young; ye that are elder should try the first."

Then the priest, who alone among the suitors hated their evil ways, made trial of the bow. But he moved it not, but wearied his hands

with it, for they were tender, and unwont to toil. And he said, "I cannot bend this bow; let some other try; but think that it shall be grief and pain to many this day."

Thereupon one of the suitors took the bow in his hands, and sought to warm it at the fire. Then he essayed to draw it, but could not. And he groaned aloud, saying: "Woe is me! not for loss of this marriage only, for there are other women to be wooed in Greece, but that we are so much weaker than the great Ulysses. This is, indeed, shame to tell."

Then another said: "Not so; to-day is a holy day of the god of archers; therefore we could not draw the bow. But to-morrow will we try once more, after due sacrifice to Apollo."

And this saying pleased them all; but Ulysses said, "Let me try this bow; for I would fain know whether I have such strength as I had in former days."

At this all the suitors were wroth, but Penelope said that it should be so, and promised the man great gifts if he could draw the bow.

Then Ulysses handled the great bow, trying

it, whether it had taken any hurt, but the suitors thought scorn of him. Then, when he had found it to be without flaw, just as a minstrel fastens a string upon his harp and strains it to the pitch, so he strung the bow without toil; and holding the string in his right hand, he tried its tone, and the tone was sweet as the voice of a swallow. Then he took an arrow from the quiver, and laid the notch upon the string and drew it, sitting as he was, and the arrow passed through every ring, and stood in the wall beyond. Then he said to Telemachus:

"There is yet a feast to be held before the sun go down."

And he nodded the sign to Telemachus. And forthwith the young man stood by him, armed with spear and helmet and shield.

Then spake Ulysses to the suitors: "Dogs, ye thought that I would never come back. Therefore have ye devoured my house, and made suit to my wife while I yet lived, and feared not the gods nor regarded men. Therefore, a sudden destruction is come upon you."

Thereupon he fell upon them and slew them one and all. When he was done he spake to

the nurse, saying, "Go, tell Penelope that her husband is indeed returned."

—*Alfred J. Church.*

(From *The Story of the Odyssey.*)

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read this story, silently, to find out what the test was. 2. How many of the suitors made trial of the test? Who was successful in the trial? 3. Make a drawing of the "helve-hole" of an axe. Could you shoot an arrow through the holes of twelve of these axes in a row? Try it with one. 4. Reread the story aloud to the class.

2. ALADDIN FINDS THE CAVE

The Magician did not really care about helping Aladdin, but he wanted Aladdin to help him. He knew of a most wonderful lamp that was hid in a cave. If he had this lamp he could have, or do, whatever he wished. But the lamp must be given to him; it would be of no use if he went to the cave and brought it away himself. He, therefore, made up his mind that Aladdin should get the lamp and give it to him; that was why he made friends with Aladdin, and pretended to be his uncle.

Next day, the Magician took Aladdin to a

At the Mouth of the Cave.

merchant's shop, and bought him some very beautiful clothes.

Aladdin felt quite proud in his grand dress, and said, "Thank you, Uncle, for all your kindness; I will try and earn money, and keep my mother now."

Just as the Magician was leaving Aladdin at the door, he said, "To-morrow we will spend in the country, and after that I will see about your shop."

Aladdin got up very early next morning to be ready for his new uncle. As soon as he saw him coming down the street, he kissed his mother and ran to meet him.

"Come along, my boy," said his uncle, "and I will show you many fine things." He then led Aladdin out of the town. They walked a long way into the country, and at last came to a narrow valley between two mountains.

Here the Magician stopped, and they sat down to rest by a stream of clear water. "We will go no further now," said he, "for we are both weary, but I will show you some wonderful things. Gather some dry sticks to make a fire, whilst I strike a light."

Aladdin soon found quite a large number of loose sticks, which he placed in a heap, one across the other, ready to light.

The Magician set fire to them, and, when they were all ablaze, he threw amongst them some magic powder, which he had brought with him.

As soon as he had done this, there was a loud noise; the earth trembled, and then opened at his feet. In the opening was a large stone with a brass ring fixed in it.

Aladdin was so frightened that he would have run from the spot, had not the Magician caught hold of him.

"Do not be afraid," said he; "but what I tell you to do, you must do at once. Under this stone a great treasure is hid. This shall be yours, if you do as I bid you, and you will be richer than any other person in the whole world."

"Now no one but you can lift up this stone, or go into the cave underneath it, so you must do as I wish, and then we shall both become rich. Take hold of the ring, and lift up the stone at once."

"But I cannot," replied Aladdin, "I am not strong enough. You must help me."

"I tell you you can do it, without me, if you only try," said the Magician. "If I help you we can do nothing. Take firm hold of the ring, and lift up the stone; you will find it will come up quite easily."

Aladdin did as he was told; he lifted the stone without any trouble, and laid it on one side.

When he had done this, he looked down into the hole. It was about four feet deep, and in it were some stairs to go down. At the bottom was a door.

"Now, Aladdin," said the Magician, "you must do just what I tell you. Go down the steps and open the door. It will lead you into a palace with three large halls. In each hall there are four large brass basins full of gold and silver, but you must not touch any of these. Pull your robe well up, and wrap it round you when you get to the door, so that you do not touch anything; for if you do, you will die at once."

"Walk through the first hall, and then the

second one, without stopping. At the end of the third hall is a door which opens out into a garden. In this garden are many fine trees, all loaded with fruit, and at the far end is a terrace. There you will see a little hollow place in the wall, and in it a lighted lamp. Take this down, put it out, pour out the oil, and bring the lamp to me."

The Magician then took a ring from his finger, and put it on Aladdin's hand. "That ring," said he, "will keep you from all harm, as long as you do just what I have told you."

Aladdin went slowly down the steps, and opened the door. Then he pulled his cloak tightly round him, and crossed the three halls safely. He found the lamp in the hole in the garden wall, just as the Magician had told him.

He took the lamp, and put out the light. As he was coming back, he stopped to look at the lovely trees in the garden. The fruit upon them looked like beautiful stones of many colours.

Aladdin thought he would gather some of each kind, and take them back with him, so he at once picked some of each colour, and went back with all his pockets quite full.

He crossed the three halls and came again to the door and the steps at the mouth of the cave. Looking up, he saw the Magician waiting for him, and called out, "Uncle, pray lend me your hand, to help me up."

"Give me the lamp first, and then I will; it will be in your way," said the Magician.

"I can manage, Uncle, if you will give me your hand," said Aladdin. "You shall have the lamp as soon as I get to the top."

But Aladdin would not give up the lamp, and the Magician became very angry. He threw a little of the magic powder into the fire, and as he did so, he said two magic words, and down went the stone into its place over the mouth of the cave, and shut Aladdin in.

Aladdin was very much afraid, and cried aloud, "Let me out! Oh, do let me out, Uncle, and I will give you the lamp!" But his voice could not be heard, for the thick stone covered the entrance to the cave.

He waited for some time, and as the stone did not move, he went down the steps again and cried louder than before. He was so frightened that he began to say his prayers.

As he put his hands together, he rubbed the ring on his finger, which the Magician had given him. At once a frightful Genie[1] rose out of the ground, and said, "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you, and be your slave. I serve him who wears the ring on his finger, I, and my fellow 'Slaves of the Ring.'"

Aladdin would have been frightened if he had seen this "Slave of the Ring" anywhere else; but now he was glad to speak to some one. So he said, "Whoever you are, please get me out of this dreadful place!"

He had no sooner spoken than the earth opened, and he found himself on the spot between the mountains where he had made the fire. But he could not see any sign of the stone, nor of the Magician, nor of the cave; so he turned toward the town, and made his way home again to his mother.

—*The Arabian Nights.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Did Aladdin obey the Magician in every way? If not, how did he disobey? 2. Do you think the magician lost his power when he no longer had the ring? What makes you think so?

[1]Pronounce *jee-ni*, the "i" as in *pin*.

3. A MEAL IN JAPAN

Chrysanthème's meals are something beyond words to describe.

She begins in the morning, when she wakes, by two little green wild plums pickled in vinegar and rolled in powdered sugar. A cup of tea completes the breakfast of Japan, the very same Madame Prune is eating downstairs, the same served up to travellers in the inns, the same that Japanese have taken for generations.

During the course of the day the feeding is continued by two little dinners of the drollest sort. They are brought up on a tray of red lacquer, in tiny cups with covers, from Madame Prune's apartment, where they are cooked: a hashed sparrow, a stuffed shrimp, seaweed with a sauce, a salt sweetmeat, a sugared chili. Chrysanthème tastes a little of all, with dainty pecks and the aid of her little chopsticks, raising the tips of her fingers with affected grace. At every dish she makes a face, leaves three parts of it, and dries her finger-tips after it in apparent disgust.

These dinners vary according to the tastes which may have seized Madame Prune. But one

thing never varies, either in our household or in any other, neither in the north nor in the south of the Empire, and that is the dessert and the manner of eating it. After all these little dishes, which are a mere make-believe, is brought in a wooden bowl, bound with copper—an enormous bowl, and filled to the very brim with rice, plainly cooked in water. Chrysanthème fills another large bowl from it (sometimes twice, sometimes three times), darkens its snowy whiteness with a black sauce flavoured with fish, which is contained in a delicately-shaped blue cruet, mixes it all together, carries the bowl to her lips, and crams down all the rice, shovelling it with her two chopsticks into her very throat. Next the little cups and covers are picked up, as well as the tiniest crumb that may have fallen upon the white mats, the spotless purity of which nothing is allowed to tarnish. And so ends the dinner.

—*Pierre Loti.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Why do our mothers teach us nursery songs, and tell us good stories? 2. What song or story do you like best that your mother taught you? Why? 3. Which story read this month do you like best? Why? Can you find a good picture to go with it?

B. HEROES AND HEROINES

1. AN EXPLORER'S BOYHOOD

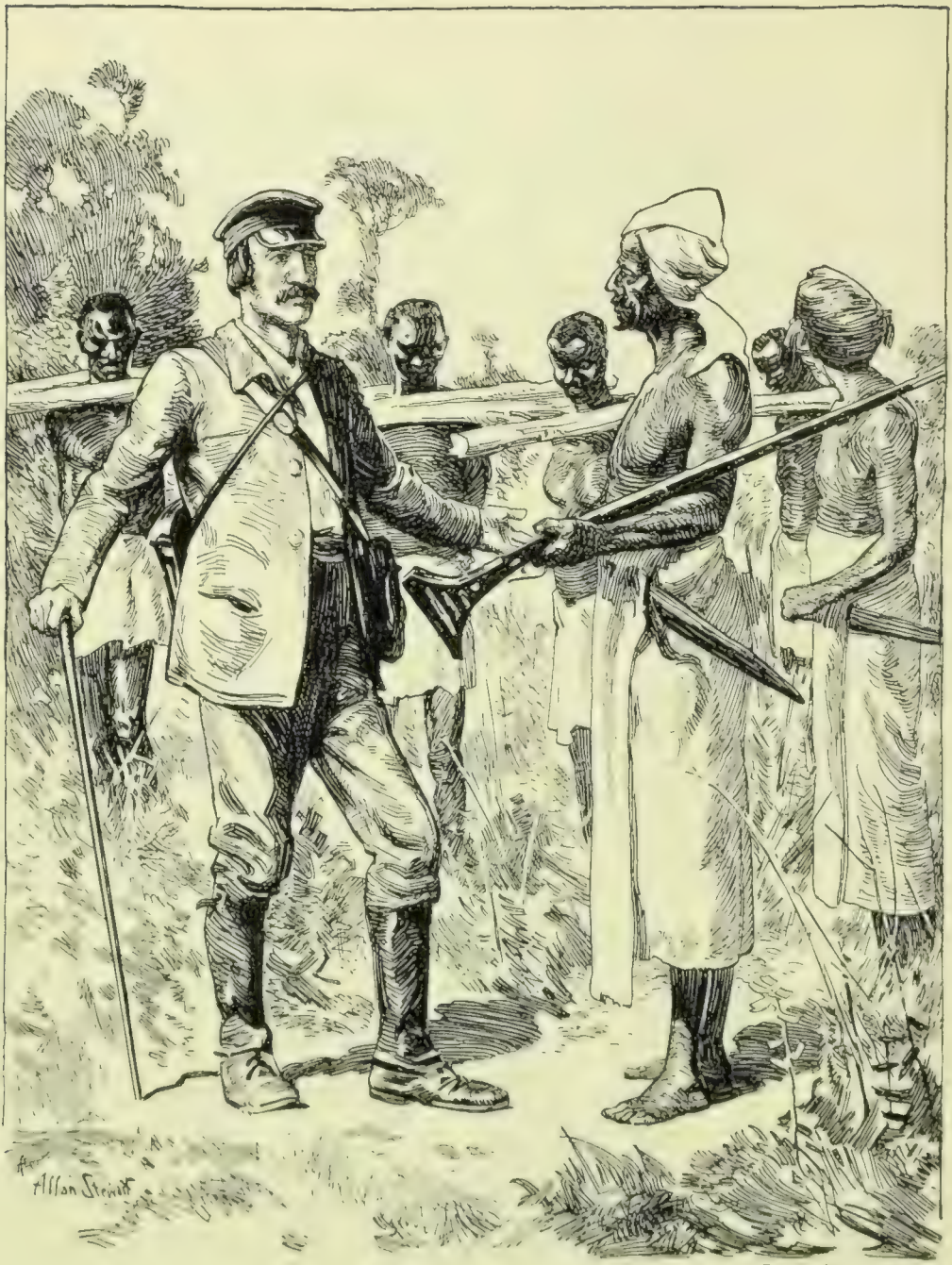
I

DAVID'S BOYHOOD

In one of the narrow alleys of the village of Blantyre, in Scotland, there lived about a hundred years ago a poor hard-working family named Livingstone. The father, Neil Livingstone, was an upright man; rather stern, perhaps, but with a kindly heart beneath the sternness, and with good brave Highland blood in his veins.

His grandfather had fought many a battle for Bonnie Prince Charlie, and at last had laid down his life for his king. That was a story which the children were never tired of hearing, although their mother would shake her head over the tale, and tell how her grandfather fought on the other side.

Mrs. Livingstone could tell many stories of the deeds of her grandfather, who had lived in those cruel, terrible times when the Covenanters were hunted down like wild beasts, driven from their homes to take refuge in caves, imprisoned or put to death for conscience' sake.



By C. W. Jefferys.

ARAB SLAVE TRADERS AND DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

It was a hard life and a difficult one which the mother had to face. The money Neil Livingstone earned by selling tea was little enough, and there were five children to feed and clothe. Besides, there were the two little mounds in the churchyard which left such an ache in the mother's heart.

It was on the nineteenth of March, a hundred years ago, that David was born, just when the last wreaths of snow were melting behind the dykes, and the first signs of Spring had begun to cheer the land after the long winter days. He was a strong, healthy child, as hardy as his Highland forefathers, and with his gentle mother's beautiful grey-blue eyes, and a great deal of her tender, loving nature.

There was plenty of work in the home for even small hands to do. As soon as David was old enough to go to the village school he had begun to be quite a help to his mother, who was most careful to keep the house neat and tidy, and spotlessly clean.

David was taught to be thorough in all his work. When he swept the room for his mother there was no leaving of dust in dark corners

where it might not be noticed, no dusting round in circles and not underneath.

David learned to be as careful and tidy as she was herself, and did his work most cheerfully, only asking that the door might be kept shut while he was sweeping out the room, so that the other village boys might not see him doing housework.

Neil Livingstone was very strict with his children and his word was law in the house. Whenever he made a rule they all knew it must be obeyed. One of his rules was that every night at dusk the cottage door was locked for the night, and the children were all expected to be home by that time.

Now it happened that one night David was so much interested in his games that he did not notice that the sun had gone down, and when he raced home in the gloaming it was to find the door shut and barred as usual, while he was left outside.

He never dreamed of knocking or kicking, but looked blankly at the closed door, till a kind neighbour seeing him standing there supperless gave him a slice of bread. David then sat down

on the doorstep, ate his supper, and curled himself up to sleep.

Of course his mother, missing the child, when it grew late, came anxiously to the door to look out, and found him quite prepared to spend the night there; and of course his father, smiling rather grimly, said, "Bring the bairn in."

By the time David was ten years old he was thought big enough to begin to earn his own living, and do something towards helping the rest of the family. A place was found for him at the cotton-spinning mill; his days at the village school came to an end, and he began to work like a man.

Every morning he had his porridge at five o'clock, buttoned his jacket tightly, pulled on his "bonnet," and set out in the pitch darkness or faint grey light of dawn to walk to the factory, where work began at six o'clock.

He was what was called a "piecer," and his work was to watch the looms, and tie together the threads which broke in the weaving. It was not very exciting, and it was extremely tiring. Except for a break for meals, it went on until

eight o'clock at night, which meant working almost fourteen hours a day.

But if David found work at the mill hard at first, when Saturday came and he was paid his first earnings he was as happy as a king. He held the half-crown tight in his fist, having carefully planned beforehand what he meant to do with it, and then he started for the village shop where he had seen an old Latin grammar for sale.

He had set his heart on that grammar, and it did not cost a great deal, so when he had it safe under his arm he ran all the way home, and bursting into the room threw his earnings into his mother's lap. It was quite the proudest day of his life.

II

DAVID'S BOOKS AND DREAMS

The old Latin grammar now helped to lighten many a dull hour at his work. He propped it up on the top of the spinning frame, and as he went backwards and forwards he learned little pieces of it by heart, until he became a fairly good Latin scholar.

It might have been supposed that after fourteen hours at the factory David would have been glad to rest or play when he got home at night, but instead of that he was off at once to the night school.

Even when he returned at ten o'clock he would still sit up poring over his beloved books, until his mother came and blew out the candle and bade him be off to bed. All the children loved books, and they had always been encouraged by their father to read as much as possible.

Neil Livingstone himself collected all the books he could, and was specially fond of stories of travel and missionary work. Whenever there was a missionary meeting held within walking distance he was always there, and he took David with him whenever he could.

Those long days of work in the factory, the hours spent in the night school, and the poring over books till midnight might make one think that David was merely a studious, hard-working boy, but whenever a holiday came round he showed what a splendid out-of-door boy he was as well.

Away on the moors, scrambling over rocks,

climbing hills, wading the river, he was in his element; and what David did not know about plants and beetles, birds and butterflies, was not thought worth knowing by the other boys. If he was keen at his books he was just as keen on making collections, hunting for plants, and gaining all kinds of outdoor knowledge. Nothing escaped his eye.

He was keen, too, on games, and knew all the best pools for fishing, so that once he actually caught a salmon. It was forbidden by law to land a salmon, but David could not bring himself to throw the great glittering fish into the water again, and yet it was hardly possible to carry it home without being seen.

His brother Charlie was with him, and together they discussed the matter, with the result that David slipped the salmon down the leg of Charlie's trousers, and then marched him home. "Poor lad, he's got an awful swollen leg," said the neighbours as they passed, and David managed to keep his face solemn until they reached home.

There was no doubt that David was the greatest favourite with all his brothers and sisters.

The whole house was merrier when David was home, and he could tell such splendid stories, and was always ready to play games with the little ones.

All this time there were other things David was learning beside his factory work and his night-school lessons, and these were to be truthful in word and deed, and to be thoughtful for others.

The remembrance of that wonderful Life lived nineteen hundred years ago, and spent in helping the helpless and the weak, made the boy's heart burn within him. Slowly, day by day, he began to weave his plan of service for his Master, while he watched the weaving of the thread in the loom and joined the broken pieces together.

There were far-off lands still in darkness, waiting for the light. There were helpless men, women, and little children stretching out their hands and calling for aid; souls and bodies, as of old, waiting to be healed.

He was only a poor factory boy, dreaming his great dream of service, longing to try to follow the example of the Great Physician. But he

made up his mind steadfastly to do his best, however poor that best might be, and manfully setting his face towards the good, never once did he turn back.

And what was the goal towards which he strove so earnestly? It was not the love and applause of all his fellow countrymen; not a name that should be famous all the world over; not the honoured rest beneath the Abbey roof which shelters England's heroes.

All these were his, indeed, but it was a higher reward he sought, the sound of his Master's voice, saying once again, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

—*Amy Steedman.*

FINDING WORDS IN THE DICTIONARY

The dictionary is a list of the words from A to Z in our language. It tells where the words came from, what they mean and how to use them properly. One of the best ways of reading well, and of understanding what people say, as well as to express ideas of your own, is to use the dictionary every day.

On each page of the dictionary the first and last words are found on the top of that page. Select several words, and see who can be the first to find the page on which each word appears. Find in any book a word you don't understand: then look up its meaning from the dictionary.

You must know the alphabet. You would look for the following words in this order:

sAY	siCK	snaCK	squaB
sEA	siDE	snaG	squaD
sIT	siFT	snaKE	squaRE
sOD	siLK	snaP	squaSH
sUP	siTE	snaRE	squaW

2. JOAN OF ARC[1]

Here is the story of Joan of Arc, the hero saint of France, told simply and beautifully.

I

JOAN DREAMS A DREAM

Joan was a peasant maid, daughter of a farmer of Domremy, a little village in the neighbourhood of Lorraine. She helped her father on his farm each day after school, working in the fields with the labourers, and in the evening sitting by her mother's side and spinning.

The woods beside the little cottage where she lived were very beautiful. The children of Domremy assembled there each day, to sing songs and to dance about the fairy rings that lay upon the grass, and weave wonderful stories of the birds and flowers and the gay bright butterflies.

[1] Names in this Story: Dom-re-my′ (dôn-rē-mē′), Rheims (rēmz), Loire (lwär,) Val-ois′ (val-wä′) Rou-en′ roo′än′), Bou′tet (boo′tä) dē Mon′vēl.

Joan, too, joined them sometimes, and the little birds came and fluttered to her hand, feeding out of it without fear. It is said that even the wild beasts came to her call.

To the outer world she was just "a good girl, simple and pleasant in her ways," fond of listening to the church bells, with a dreamy, far-off look in her eyes, and always ready if there were sick people who wanted care and kindness.

But one day war came, spreading like a plague over the land and reaching even to the woods which lay near Joan's cottage home. And it seemed as though the whole of France would be devastated beneath the sword of the invader.

It was a terrible time! As the sick and wounded straggled past through the wood, Joan helped them and tended them kindly, even giving up her bed to them, so that in time they became well again and left the cottage blessing her name.

The people of Domremy, poor peasants that they were, became afraid for themselves. Gradually they drifted away from the village, flying for refuge to the towns until these, too, were ransacked in their turn. Then they became

brigands, and lived, each for himself, fighting for might above right, and robbing and stealing from timid passers-by.

It was then that Joan began to see her visions. At night, as she lay in her little narrow bed, staring up at the stars through the tiny window beside her, Saint Michael appeared to her in a flood of blinding light, bidding her go to help the king and restore him to his rightful realm.

Poor Joan was terribly afraid.

"Messire," she cried, falling upon her knees, "I am but a poor village maiden. I know not how to ride to the wars, or lead soldiers upon the field of battle."

But the archangel told her to have courage.

"Heaven is full of pity for the fair realm of France," said he, and from that day the words were always upon Joan's lips. Who was she to disobey the word of God? It was for her to have pity upon the fair realm of France, even as the angel had said.

Then she went to her father.

"Father," she said simply, "I have a message from Heaven by which I am to go unto

King Charles and lead his men to battle and victory. I pray you take me to him."

The simple peasant stared at her, believing for a moment that she had taken leave of her senses. Then he told her that he would sooner see her drowned than leading forth men-at-arms in male attire. It was unseemly and immodest, and he would have none of it.

"Father, I must go," said Joan quietly, and she repeated the words even when he fetched the priest. The priest refused to aid her, and even doubted the verity of her "visions."

"I must go to the king," she cried, clasping her hands together in earnestness, "even if I wear my limbs to the very knees. Oh, believe me, father, I would sooner sit here in the evening shadow and spin by my mother's side, and watch the village children playing in the woods, than undertake this tremendous journey. But—I must! It is Heaven's will, and I must let nothing stand in its way."

Finally they called in the French captain, who was a rough fellow in speech and gesture.

"What folly is this, Joan?" he cried, when

they told him of her words. "You must go to the king? And for whom pray?"

"For my Lord," she made answer bravely.

The captain laughed loudly.

"And who is your Lord?"

"He is God," said Joan, with upthrown head.

That was enough.

"Well and bravely spoken," said the captain, and straightway undertook to lead her to the king.

And so Joan, simple peasant girl though she was, went to Charles of Valois.

II

JOAN SEES THE KING CROWNED

Charles was losing heart and hope. Before his eyes the posts of France were giving way to the enemy.

He looked upon the future sorrowfully, and wept at the bitter prospect of it. Another few days and his stronghold would have fallen, another few weeks—

A courtier interrupted him with a low bow.

"Sire, there is a maid awaits thee without," he said, with a smile upon his lips. "She says

she has a message from Heaven to deliver, touching upon the salvation of our beloved France. If thou wilt see her—"

"See her?" cried the king excitedly, jumping to his feet. "Indeed, and we will see her! A maid? And with a message? Surely any message were welcome at such a time as this! Bring the girl to me."

The courtier bowed and withdrew, and soon the curtains parted, and the court looked up curiously to see who the maid might be.

She entered humbly, little peasant Joan, clad in a man's doublet and hose of sombre hue, her black hair cut boyishly short about her pale, plain face, her large eyes wondrously bright and beautiful, and filled with a spiritual light.

Straightway she went to the king—who, anxious to test her Heaven-sent powers, had hidden himself among a group of courtiers—and knelt before him.

"The King of Heaven assures you, by my mouth, that you shall be hallowed and crowned at Rheims, and that you shall be His lieutenant on earth as king of France," she said quietly, her grave eyes upon his.

Charles was visibly impressed. Something in the girl's mute simplicity appealed to him, telling him that she was sincere in her beliefs.

"You hear what she says," the king said, turning to the men about him. But there was utter silence. If they believed, they would not show it. If not—

"Grant me a few words in private," begged Joan, seeing that there was doubt in the faces about her, "and I will convince you, sire. Just a few words alone is all I ask."

Charles hesitated a moment. Her eyes met his in mute appeal. He could not refuse.

"Very well," he said finally, lifting her to her feet. "Come with me." And he led her away into an ante-chamber, where she told him her story, relating simply how the voices had come to her, and even Saint Michael and others, telling her that she was the chosen one to help France in her hour of desolation.

She recalled to Charles the old prophecies that told of a maid coming out of Lorraine who should save the land, and she told it all so convincingly that Charles believed her.

"Thou shalt indeed lead my troops into bat-

tle!" he cried when she had finished, "For the King of Heaven has, of a surety, sent you to me."

After that it was but a matter of a few hours before the final arrangements were made.

Up to the present, the French resistance had been so small that a mere handful of English bade fair to drive them out of Orleans altogether.

But the coming of Joan brought new hope into French hearts, and tales of her, reaching over into the enemy camp, broke the spell of success that had fallen upon the occupants of it and gave them the first taste of doubt.

And so Joan went forth upon the field of battle. She was clad from head to foot in a suit of shining white armour, and carried in her hand a great banner emblazoned with the French lilies, which waved over her head triumphantly. She was tall, and she rode her charger like a man, as though she had been reared in the saddle, and she could stay from daylight till nightfall upon her horse without a scrap of food.

The ten thousand men-at-arms who followed her from Blois, from whence she set off, rough though they were, gave up their wicked oaths

and drinking at a word from her, and knelt with her at the altars they passed upon their march.

Her influence upon them was as a mother's upon her children. Each tried to become better by reason of her friendship. And so she marched on, through town and city, the people clustering about her white horse as she rode in the streets, and reaching forth things for her to bless with the touch of her fingers.

But Joan knew that it was not given to her to work miracles. She was God's messenger, not God himself.

"Your blessing is as good as mine," she told an old woman, who held out a chaplet to her, begging her to lay her fingers upon it. "It is not for me to do these things."

And the people only loved her the more for her sweet simplicity and humbleness.

Such a clamour and a rejoicing there was, when Joan entered Orleans at the head of her troops! The streets were crowded with people, shouting themselves hoarse at sight of her and blessing her name, while here and there a handkerchief was pressed to eyes dimmed by the

sight of the Maid of France riding so fearlessly upon her plunging charger.

Straight to the dreaded foes she marched the men, and swept her arm out across the horizon.

"Look fearlessly upon them," she cried, in a ringing voice that set their hearts beating with fresh hope. They engaged the besiegers in combat and from the very beginning the day was theirs. Joan had indeed brought God's blessing upon the "fair land of France," and turned the sad hearts of the people upwards toward Heaven.

Fort after fort fell before the fierce onslaught of the French, until only the strongest and heaviest was left.

A council of war was called to adjourn the battle for the day. But Joan would not hear of this.

"You have taken your counsel," she told the leaders, "now I will take mine."

And she ordered the gates to be thrown open, placed herself at the head of her men-at-arms, and led them against the fort. They fought furiously, inspired by her courage, until, while attempting to scale the wall of the fort, she was wounded and sank to the ground. She was

borne away to a vineyard near by, while the leader sounded the retreat.

But at the first notes of it Joan stumbled to her feet.

"Wait, wait!" she cried wildly, motioning to them to stop. "Eat and drink awhile, and as soon as my standard touches that wall you shall enter the fort."

Then, pointing at the enemy, she lifted her banner, and laid it lightly against the fort's wall. And from that moment the defenders gave in.

When she entered Orleans her first visit was to the church. She knelt before the high altar and burst into tears at the thought of all the horror and bloodshed she had seen. And the people wept with her, crying her name, in loyalty and in recognition of her victory.

Then once more, Joan entered the battlefield. It was in vain that the French generals strove to persuade her to remain on the Loire. Joan would not be content until her task was completed, and so greatly did the troops love and admire her that they followed her all the way to the very gates of Rheims.

Here Charles of Valois was crowned King of France, and with his coronation Joan felt her errand to be over.

"The pleasure of God is done," she said, kneeling at the king's feet. "I pray you let me return to my mother and father and keep sheep once more upon the pastures at home."

But they would not hear of it, and Joan was obliged to remain. From that moment the tide of success turned for the French. Joan knew her mission to be at an end, but fought with her usual bravery, until, after a battle, she fell into the hands of a wicked man who sold her to the Duke of Burgundy, and she was passed on to the English to deal with as they wished.

To the English, poor Joan's triumphs were victories of sorcery. They denounced her as a witch, and after imprisoning her for a whole year, finally tried her before a clever, cruel court of men who did all in their power to make her confess she was guilty of witchcraft.

At last she was condemned to be burned at the stake, as witches were in those times, and a great pile was made in the market-place of Rouen, where her statue now stands.

The soldiers seized her and hurried her to it, tying her to the stake with heavy ropes. But her calmness and quiet attitude made them pause a moment, and one man handed her a rudely-made cross, which he had contrived to bind together from the sticks he held.

Clasping it to her breast, Joan raised her eyes to Heaven. "O Rouen, Rouen!" she cried bitterly, "I fear you will suffer by my death."

Then she cried the name of "Jesus" as the flames rose round her, hiding her from the view of the spectators. So she died, and with her passed one of the greatest characters of history —the saviour of France, the peasant maid of Orleans, who made herself higher than kings or princes because she bore a higher power with her than any that was upon earth.

—*Hazel Phillips Hanshew.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Can you tell the class about the most courageous act you ever saw? 2. Write briefly about some occasion when it took courage to be truthful. 3. Have you ever seen a famous man or woman? Who were they? Tell how you came to see them. 4. What do you think it means to be a good citizen?

3. HOW ROBIN HOOD CAME TO LIVE IN THE FOREST

I

GILBERT WOULD HAVE HIS SON A LORD

Early next morning, Gilbert and Robin set out for the little village of Gamwell. Each carried his bow and arrows on his back, and took in his hand a quarter-staff; for the forest was not free from outlaws, always ready to steal from persons less strong than themselves.

On and on they went through the woods, often without a track to guide them, sometimes following a little path amongst the great oaks, through thicket and glade, but never going astray, for the way was well known to both.

At last they reached the borders of the forest, and coming out suddenly on high ground, they beheld below them a beautiful sight. Gilbert and Robin Hood had often before seen this valley, yet they stood now for some moments to look around.

The two travellers stepped briskly forward, for they knew that a welcome awaited them. They were not disappointed, and after the somewhat

HOW ROBIN HOOD BECAME AN OUTLAW.

boisterous greetings were over, they soon found themselves in their host's room.

"Now, Gilbert, my friend," said Sir Guy when they were alone, "what is this matter of importance which you wish to tell me of?"

"It is, Sir, that my adopted son, Robin Hood, is really the Earl of Huntingdon, and, therefore, your nephew, proofs of which I have brought to show to you," replied Gilbert.

The old Knight was very much surprised, but when the forester had told his tale, and proved to the satisfaction of Sir Guy that what he said was true, the latter turned to Robin, who had stood quietly by.

"I am pleased, my lad," said he, "to acknowledge you as my nephew, and I will do all in my power to place you in possession of your rights."

He then shook hands with Robin, who expressed his thanks and went out to his old playfellows, the sons of Sir Guy, leaving Gilbert and the Knight to discuss what action should be taken in the matter.

After talking over various plans, it was finally decided to let the Abbot know that the Earl of

Huntingdon was alive in the person of Robin Hood, and a messenger, bearing letters and copies of the proofs, was at once despatched to him.

Then, toward nightfall, Gilbert and Robin retraced their steps, and without mishap, reached the cottage where Margaret anxiously awaited them.

The Abbot of Ramsey was much disturbed when he heard that he was in danger of losing his lands, and he determined to do all that he could to keep possession of them.

Not knowing what course to take, he rode out to visit his friend, the Sheriff of Nottingham, and to ask his advice. He arrived at Nottingham Castle, and was soon closeted with the Sheriff, to whom he told his tale.

"If this news reaches the King's ears, you are likely to find yourself the poorer, my lord," said the Sheriff at length.

"You are right," returned the Abbot. "But how can we prevent such an occurrence?"

"This lad, Robin Hood, dwells with Gilbert, the forester, thou sayest." The Abbot nodded.

"Well, I'll be bound they have slain many a fine buck, and thou knowest the punishment for

such an offence against the Forest Laws. I will draw up a warrant for their arrest, on the charge of killing the king's deer. My soldiers shall take them prisoners, and then thou art safe, my lord."

"A happy plan!" cried the Abbot. "I thank thee, Baron, and I will see that thou art no loser for this proof of thy friendship." And the Sheriff and the Abbot sat long, discussing the details of the intended capture.

But Robin Hood had many friends in Nottingham town, and so it was not long before he knew of the warrant against him, and of the preparations which the Sheriff was making for his capture.

Thinking that some days must elapse before the attempt to take him could be made, Robin and his foster-father set out once more for Gamwell. Sir Guy was very wroth when he heard the bad news. "It is a vile thing that they do," he said, "we will resist to the last, and there will be many heads broken before thou art lodged in Nottingham Castle, Robin. You two must stay with me this night, and to-morrow

we will make ready for the Sheriff and his men."

Gilbert thanked the good Sir Guy. "But," said he, "I must return home, for Margaret cannot be left alone. Robin had better remain here, and with your permission I will, to-morrow, bring my wife to Gamwell, for our cottage in the wood is a place of safety no longer."

And so it was arranged. Gilbert started off once more for home, whilst Robin and Sir Guy told the rest of the household what had happened.

The sons of the Knight, and the sturdy villagers, when they learnt the tidings, spoke loud and deep against the Sheriff, and vowed they would stand by Robin to the last. That night each one returned to rest with a stern resolve to do his best in the encounter which was sure to follow.

II

THE VILLAGERS LEND ROBIN HOOD A HAND

Now the Abbot of Ramsey, knowing that his lands were not safe in his possession so long as their rightful owner lived, urged the Sheriff to make a speedy attempt to capture Robin Hood.

Thus it came to pass that, on the very morning after Robin Hood reached Gamwell, the Sheriff rose early, and, with ten of his soldiers, rode out of Nottingham, and at a quick pace travelled toward Gilbert Hood's cottage.

The forester and his wife were just preparing to set out when the soldiers rode up. "Whom seek ye?" demanded the forester. "Thee, if I mistake not," replied the Sheriff, "and thy son."

"For what purpose?" asked Gilbert.

"Ye are charged with killing the King's deer, and must come to Nottingham with me to await your trial," said the Sheriff.

"We have killed no deer, except such as we have had a right to, and that thou knowest," said Gilbert Hood.

"Where is thy son, Robin?" asked the Baron.

"He is not here. Where he is I think you will soon find out, if you leave us not in peace," said the bold forester.

"What! Wouldst thou dare to threaten? Here, seize him!" said the Sheriff.

Seeing that it was useless to resist, Gilbert allowed the soldiers to take him. Then some of

them searched the cottage and the woods around. The Sheriff was very angry when Robin could not be found. "When we have thee safe in Nottingham Castle, we will find means to make thee tell us where thy son is hiding," he said to Gilbert.

Then he gave orders for the cottage to be set on fire, and, with the forester in their midst, the party rode back at an easy pace to Nottingham.

Margaret had all this time stood by, not knowing what to do. When she saw her husband taken prisoner, she was filled with dismay. But as the party was lost to sight, she quickly made up her mind to action. Fortunately her horse stood ready at hand, and in a moment she was on its back and riding at a hard gallop for Gamwell.

Both horse and rider were almost exhausted when they reached Sir Guy's door. But willing hands lifted Margaret to the ground, and in a few words she told what had happened.

The blast of a horn brought many of the villagers, armed with bow and arrows and quarter-staff, running up to the Hall, and in a few

minutes a party of about sixty men, with Sir Guy at their head, and his sons and Robin Hood by his side, were off at full speed through the woods.

The Sheriff and his soldiers were nearing Nottingham, and riding in their midst, with downcast look, was Gilbert Hood. Suddenly an arrow whizzed past the Sheriff, causing him to bring his horse to a standstill. Then on all sides, there stepped from behind the trees the men of Gamwell, with their bows freely extended, their arrows pointing at the Normans. The Sheriff, who never had a great love for fighting, seeing that the bowmen far outnumbered his soldiers, at once set spurs to his horse, and galloped toward the town. The Saxons, with a shout, sprang forward with their quarter-staffs, for it had been arranged that no blood should be shed, unless of necessity; and in a very short time the Norman soldiers were following their master at full speed, leaving Gilbert Hood a free man once more amongst his friends.

There was much shaking of hands, and amid shout and laughter, the party retraced their

steps to Gamwell, where a great feast was soon placed before the hungry men.

But Sir Guy called Gilbert Hood aside. "My dear friend," he said, "I am glad that we succeeded in getting thee out of the hands of the Sheriff. But we must be wary. We must have everything ready for instant flight, for soon the proud Baron will return with an overwhelming force to take revenge."

"You are right, Sir Guy," replied the forester. "And it is best that the women and children should be taken to a place of safety. For my part, I was born in the Forest of Sherwood, and here I remain. I am familiar with all the paths and hiding-places in the woods, and now that I know I am sought for, it will, I think, be more than the Sheriff and all his soldiers can do to catch me."

So a council was held, to which all the villagers were called, and, after a long discussion, it was agreed that, should the Sheriff lead his forces against them, the women and children and those men who had wives, should retire, under the care of Sir Guy, to the old Knight's estate in Yorkshire. The remainder would take to the

woods. A couple of the villagers were sent into Nottingham to learn what was going on, and the rest then separated to their homes.

III

ROBIN HOOD, KING OF SHERWOOD FOREST

For some days all was well. A message was received from Nottingham, stating that the Sheriff knew who had been his assailants, and that he had sent a false report of what had occurred to the King.

During this time, Sir Guy and his men were busily engaged in packing their most valued possessions, and sending them into Yorkshire.

Then, on the eighth day, one of the messengers returned with sad news. The King had outlawed Gilbert and Robin Hood, Sir Guy of Gamwell and his sons, as well as all the men who had been with them; the Sheriff had received strong reinforcements, and he intended to set out very shortly to destroy Gamwell.

With many tears the women and children were at once sent to Sir Guy's Yorkshire estate, and the men made preparations for defence, for they were resolved not to give up their homes with-

out a struggle. Thus it happened, that when the Normans approached the doomed village, they found their task a harder one than they had thought it to be.

From the woods on each side countless arrows fell amongst them, emptying many a saddle, and in the end causing them to draw off to form a definite plan of attack. Then, dividing into four sections, they assailed the village on each side. The villagers behaved manfully; but at last, overcome by numbers, they retired into the woods, leaving many of their comrades (amongst whom was Gilbert Hood) lying dead upon the ground.

The Normans, having set fire to the houses, returned to Nottingham, where the Sheriff took an oath that he would use all the means in his power to bring Robin Hood, and all who had assisted him, to the gallows.

But full of sorrow were the men of Gamwell when they came again to their former dwelling-place. The cottages, where most of them had been born and in which they had spent their lives, were now mere heaps of ashes. Even the

old Hall was burned down, and everything in the place had been destroyed.

With sad hearts, and full of bitterness against the Sheriff of Nottingham, they began the task of bringing in the dead; and having reverently laid them to rest in the little churchyard, they silently gathered under the great oak in the middle of the village green.

There Robin addressed them. "My friends," he said, "I am more sorry than I can tell at the calamity which has come upon you through acting on my behalf. But in the midst of our grief, we may take some comfort from the thought that what we have done has been done in the cause of right and justice. We have now two courses open to us. Those who are so minded may find a place of safety with old Sir Guy, in Yorkshire; but if any are bent, as I am, on maintaining their right to these fields and woods, the Forest of Sherwood is large enough, its hiding-places are many, and there, with soft turf for a pillow, and green leaves for a roof, a home awaits us."

Shouts of approval greeted these words, and then Robin continued: "It is best that you

should not say at once what you will do. Let us, for this night, find such resting-places as we can, and in the morning we will meet here again and come to a final decision."

The brave yeomen then separated, and a watch having been set to guard against a return of the Normans, they lay down under the trees, and, tired with the exertions of the day, were soon soundly sleeping.

Next morning, one of their number having shot a deer, which was roasted over a large fire, they ate a hearty breakfast, after which they once more gathered on the village green.

Again Robin Hood spoke. "My friends," he said, "I do not need to tell you why we are met. If any are resolved to make their home in the greenwood, I am ready and willing to share their hardships and their joys. Let those who have so decided come aside."

At once every man stepped forward, and, seeing that all were of one mind, a mighty shout rose from every throat.

"To the forest!—to the forest!" cried many voices.

When the cheers had died away, out spoke

one of the foremost of the villagers. "Friends," said he, "as we are determined to live in the forest, we must all act and work together for the good of each other. If we do not, we shall be no safer there than we are here. But to live thus, with comfort and satisfaction to all, we must have a leader; one who will act for the general good, and whose word must be law. Robin Hood is the nephew of our master, Sir Guy of Gamwell, and also the rightful heir to the Earldom of Huntingdon. He is, therefore, of better birth than we are, his bravery has been proved, and though he is young he is a better archer than any of us. Besides this, his knowledge of the forest is greater than ours, and I think we should acknowledge him as our leader."

"Robin Hood for ever!" shouted the men, whilst two or three hoisted the young leader on to their shoulders. Then, after he had thanked them, Robin said—

"Yonder lies the forest, our future home. There is not an inch of it within fourteen miles, that I do not know. Let us have a last look around to see if anything has been left,

and then I will show you a spot where I think we can dwell in safety."

After quickly gathering together the few articles which had escaped the fire, and which would be useful to them, the band, under the guidance of their leader, plunged into the depths of Sherwood Forest.

For some five miles they went along, until Robin stopped before a dense thicket. Pushing aside the bushes, they discovered the opening to a cave, which proved to be dry, warm, and airy, and capable of holding double their number. It would be an easy matter to admit more light, and glad indeed were the villagers to find such a comfortable dwelling so securely hidden.

Thus it was that Robin Hood and his merrie men became outlaws, and made their home in the greenwood.

—*John Finnemore.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read the story of how Robin Hood came to live in the forest. Who will finish first and tell the most of the story to the class? 2. Read the story again. Why did Robin Hood have to live in the forest? 3. What shooting match did the Sheriff of Nottingham set up? 4. Did Robin Hood shoot at this match? Why? 5. What were the two vows that Robin Hood and his men made? 6. What kind of person

do you like best for a neighbour? Would you like Robin Hood for a neighbour? Why? 7. If you were Robin Hood what rules of fair play would you make for your foresters? 8. What is the dryest story you have read? Which of the books named below would you advise your friends to read? Why?

READ A STORY

Stories of Robin Hood. By H. E. Marshall.
The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood. By Howard Pyle.
Peter Pan and Wendy. By Sir James M. Barrie.
Rewards and Fairies. By Rudyard Kipling.
King of the Golden River. By John Ruskin.

C. FUN AND FROLIC

1. A MAD TEA-PARTY

The "Mad Tea Party" is Chapter VIII of *Alice in Wonderland.* It was written by Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. When Mr. Dodgson wrote stories for little girls he did not use his own name, but called himself "Lewis Carroll."

There were three little girls to whom he delighted to tell stories. The name of one of these children was Alice Liddell. He called his stories *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.* Another story he called *Through the Looking Glass.*

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was

sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only as it's asleep I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice, indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said, in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice, angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter.

"You should learn not to make personal

He Poured Some Hot Tea On Its Nose.

remarks," Alice said with severity; "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles—I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied. "What's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, then wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied; "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! That accounts for it," said the Hatter.

"He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice, thoughtfully: "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter; "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I," he replied. "We quarrelled last March—just before *he* went mad, you know—" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare) "—it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing:

"'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!'

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:

"'Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle—'"

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in his sleep, "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,*—" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out: 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried.

"Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened its eyes. "I wasn't asleep," it said in a hoarse, feeble voice, "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked: "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went

on, "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean, you can't take *less*," said the Hatter; "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily; but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly. "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One indeed!" said the Dormouse, indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know—"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse, "well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she

let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M—"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: "—that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are 'much of a muchness'—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think—"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear; she got up in great disgust and walked off. The last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

"At any rate I'll never go there again!" said Alice, as she picked her way through the wood. "It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!" —*Lewis Carroll.*

From *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (Adapted).

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read the story, "The Mad Tea-Party." Tell as much of the story as you can remember to the class. 2. Read the story again silently. Write down the names of those who are talking. 3. Why is the story called "The *Mad* Tea Party"? 4. When Alice said, "I believe I can guess that," what did she mean to say? 5. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice. What was uncomfortable for the Dormouse? 6. Pick out as many strange and funny sayings as you can. Who says them? 7. What is the most amusing incident in the story? Read it aloud to the class. 8. Alice did not like "personal remarks." What did she mean? How can one show one's good manners at home? in school? to one's guests? on the street car? 9. Perhaps the class would like to make a COURTESY BOOK. Groups of three or four could make books, and the best book would be the CLASS COURTESY BOOK for the term. 10. Read a poem aloud and "murder the time." Now again, as it should be read.

READ A STORY

Read *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass.* Pick out other amusing stories from it, and read them to the class. Have you read *Peter and Wendy,* by Sir James M. Barrie, or *Merrimeg,* by William Bowen, or *The Monkey That Would Not Kill,* by Henry Drummond? Do you know any other story that amuses you very much?

2. JOHN GILPIN

William Cowper, speaking of these verses, said: "I made him (Gilpin) on purpose to laugh at, and he served my purpose well."

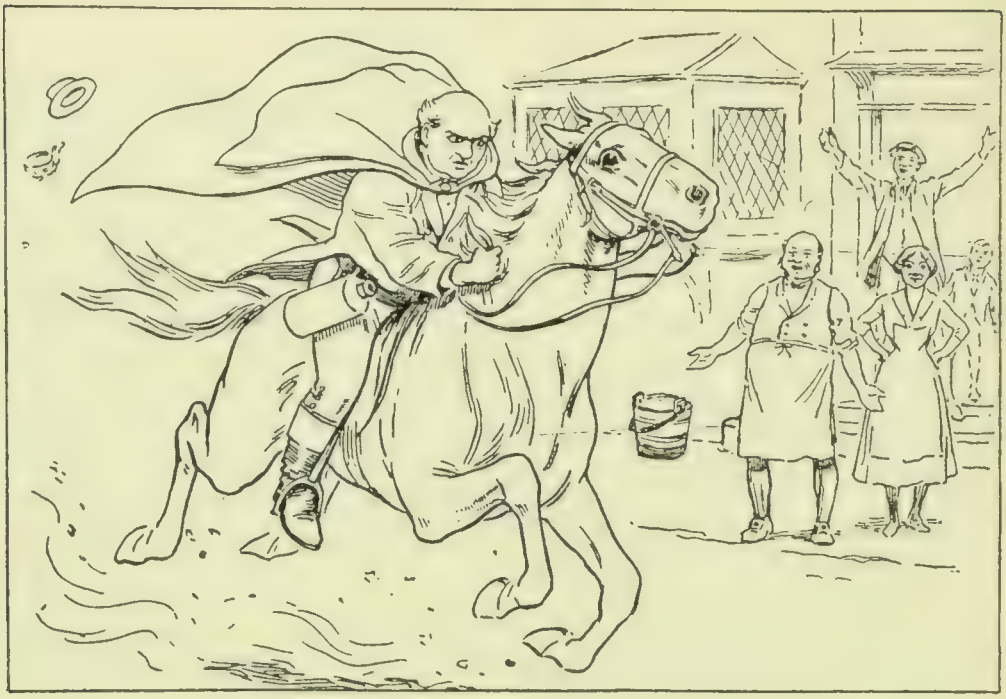
"John Gilpin" should be read for its good fun. Its author, William Cowper, was a sad, timid man in life. Once, when he was very depressed, his good friend, Lady Austen, told him the story of John Gilpin and suggested that he write a ballad. The story so amused Cowper that he spent the night writing the poem, which he read the next morning at the breakfast table. He enjoyed writing the poem, for it is said that he chuckled and laughed all night long.

John Gilpin was a citizen
  Of credit and renown;
A trainband captain[1] eke[2] was he
  Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
  "Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
  No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
  And we will then repair
Unto the Bell[3] at Edmonton,
  All in a chaise[4] and pair.

[1] Captain of trained soldiers. [2] Also. [3] An inn. [4] Light carriage.



"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied—"I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know;

And my good friend the calender[1]
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mistress Gilpin—"That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels;
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside[2] were mad.

[1]Cloth presser. [2]A busy street in London.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
  Seized fast the flowing mane;
And up he got, in haste to ride,
  But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
  His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
  Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
  Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
  Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
  Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
  "The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
  My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
  When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
  Had two stone bottles found,

To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So "Fair and softly," John he cried;
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed;
Up flew the windows all;

And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight[1]!" "He rides a race!"
"'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen;
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

[1]A handicap load.

Thus all through merry Islington,[1]
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash[2]
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about,
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired."
Said Gilpin—"So am I."

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? His owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;

[1] Now a part of London. [2] A shallow inlet.

So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till, at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender,
In merry guise, he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come:
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,[1]
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

When straight he came, with hat and wig—
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John—"It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;

[1] Mood.

'Twas for your pleasure you came here;
You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? They were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting[1] down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown[2];

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

[1] Going full speed. [2] About sixty cents.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy[1] at his heels;
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised a hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space,

[1] Messenger boy.

The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it, too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!—*William Cowper.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read the story silently. In general, what is the story about? 2. Read it again; get all the fun out of it you can. 3. Read it again and mark the parts that make you smile. 4. Read aloud the lines or words that show what John thought or felt about his wife. 5. Be sure you can pronounce and give the meaning of all the words. 6. Can you answer such questions as: "How long had John and Mrs. Gilpin been married?" "How did they intend to celebrate their wedding day?" 7. Practise reading this poem aloud at home until you can read it orally to the class, so that each class-mate can see John's ride from beginning to end. 8. Can you draw a road map of the ride, marking the places and noting the people John Gilpin encounters in their proper order? 9. Do you know any other "galloping poems"? 10. Note how simple the words are to match a simple story. 11. What lines "gallop" the best? 12. Which verse has the best picture?

READ A STORY

The Water Babies. By Charles Kingsley.
Tales of the Fairies. By Louis Marsh.
Puck of Pook's Hill. By Rudyard Kipling.
Rewards and Fairies. By Rudyard Kipling.
Indian Fairy Tales. By Joseph Jacobs.

3. THE PETERKINS TRY TO BECOME WISE

They were sitting round the breakfast-table, and wondering what they should do because the lady from Philadelphia had gone away. "If," said Mrs. Peterkin, "we could only be more wise as a family!" How could they manage it? Agamemnon had been to college, and the children all went to school; but still as a family they were not wise. "It comes from books," said one of the family. "People who have a great many books are very wise." Then they counted up that there were very few books in the house—a few school-books and Mrs. Peterkin's cook-book were all.

"That's the thing!" said Agamemnon. "We want a library."

Pronounced: Ag-ă-mĕm'nŏn.

"We want a library!" said Solomon John. And all of them exclaimed, "We want a library!"

"Let us think how we shall get one," said Mrs. Peterkin. "I have observed that other people think a great deal of thinking."

So they all sat and thought a great while.

Then said Agamemnon, "I will make a library. There are some boards in the wood-shed, and I have a hammer and some nails, and perhaps we can borrow some hinges, and there we have our library!"

They were all very much pleased at the idea.

"That's the bookcase part," said Elizabeth Eliza; "but where are the books?"

So they sat and thought a little while, when Solomon John exclaimed, "I will make a book."

They all looked at him in wonder.

"Yes," said Solomon John, "books will make us wise; but first I must make a book."

So they went in to the parlour, and sat down to make a book. But there was no ink. What should he do for ink? Elizabeth Eliza said she had heard that nutgalls and vinegar made very good ink. So they decided to make some. The little boys said they could find some nutgalls up

in the woods. So they all agreed to set out and pick some. Mrs. Peterkin put on her cape-bonnet, and the little boys got into their india-rubber boots, and off they went.

The nutgalls were hard to find. There was almost everything else in the woods—chestnuts and walnuts, and small hazelnuts, and a great many squirrels; and they had to walk a great way before they found any nutgalls. At last they came home with a large basket and two nutgalls in it. Then came the question of the vinegar. Mrs. Peterkin had used her very last on some beets they had the day before. "Suppose we go and ask the minister's wife," said Elizabeth Eliza. So they all went to the minister's wife. She said if they wanted some good vinegar they had better set a barrel of cider down in the cellar, and in a year or two it would make very nice vinegar. But they said they wanted it that very afternoon. When the minister's wife heard this she said she should be very glad to let them have some vinegar, and gave them a cupful to carry home.

So they stirred in the nutgalls, and by the time evening came they had very good ink.

Then Solomon John wanted a pen. Agamemnon had a steel one, but Solomon John said, "Poets always used quills." Elizabeth Eliza suggested that they should go out to the poultry-yard and get a quill. But it was already dark. They had, however, two lanterns, and the little boys borrowed the neighbours'. They set out in procession for the poultry-yard. When they got there the fowls were all at roost, so they could look at them quietly. But there were no geese! There were Shanghais, and Cochin-Chinas, and Guinea hens, and Barbary hens, and speckled hens, and Poland roosters, and bantams, and ducks, and turkeys, but not one goose! "No geese, but ourselves," said Mrs. Peterkin, wittily, as they returned to the house. The sight of this procession roused up the village. "A torchlight procession!" cried all the boys of the town; and they gathered round the house, shouting for the flag; and Mr. Peterkin had to invite them in, and give them cider and gingerbread, before he could explain to them that it was only his family visiting his hens.

After the crowd has dispersed Solomon John sat down to think of his writing again.

Agamemnon agreed to go over to the bookstore to get a quill. They all went over with him. The bookseller was just shutting up his shop. However, he agreed to go in and get a quill, which he did, and they hurried home.

So Solomon John sat down again, but there was no paper. And now the bookstore was shut up. Mr. Peterkin suggested that the mail was about in, and perhaps he should have a letter, and then they could use the envelope to write upon. So they all went to the post-office, and the little boys had their india-rubber boots on, and they all shouted when they found Mr. Peterkin had a letter. The postmaster inquired what they were shouting about; and when they told him he said he would give Solomon John a whole sheet of paper for his book. And they all went back rejoicing.

So Solomon John sat down, and the family all sat round the table looking at him. He had his pen, his ink, and his paper. He dipped his pen into the ink and held it over the paper, and thought a minute, and then said, "But I haven't got anything to say."

—*L. P. Hale.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Suppose an author asked you to tell him how to write a book that would interest boys and girls, what rules would you draw up? 2. Make short lists of books, or stories or poems "for all weathers," say, for a long journey; for summer camp; to read in bed; for a sick friend.

READ A STORY

Arabian Nights (Aladdin, Sindbad, Ali Baba).
The Heroes. By Charles Kingsley.
Norse Stories. By H. W. Mabie.
Tanglewood Tales. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.
The Wonder Book. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.
Story of the Iliad. By A. J. Church.
Story of the Odyssey. By A. J. Church.

4. THE DUEL

This poem has been a favourite with children for many years. See if you can tell why.

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(I wasn't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"

But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
  Employing every tooth and claw
  In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
  (Don't fancy I exaggerate—
  I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
  But the truth about the cat and pup
  Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
  (The old Dutch clock it told me so,
  And that is how I came to know.)

—Eugene Field.

5. OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S

Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of lost sunshine
  Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,
  And the " Sunday's wood " in the kitchen, too,

And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to Old Aunt Mary's ?—

It all comes back so clear to-day!
Though I am as bald as you are grey,—
Out by the barn-lot and down the lane
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of rain,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.—

We cross the pasture, and through the wood,
Where the old grey snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing"-sky
And lolled and circled, as we went by
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.—

And then in the dust of the road again,
And the teams we met, and the countrymen ;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.—

Why, I see her now in the open door
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and
o'er
The clapboard roof!—And her face—ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see—
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?—

For, O my brother so far away,
This is to tell you—she waits *to-day*
To welcome us:—Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
The boys to come." . . . And all is well
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

READ A STORY

The Boy Apprenticed to an Enchanter. By Padraic Colum.
The Children of Odin. By Padraic Colum.
Indian Legends. By Margaret Bemister.
Myths of the Red Children. By G. L. Wilson.
Tales of Foreign Lands. By Louis Marsh.
Bimbi. By Louise De La Ramée.
Jackanapes. By J. H. Ewing.
The Peterkin Papers. By L. P. Hale.
A Child's Garden of Stories. By Maud Paterson.
Kak: the Story of a Copper Eskimo. By V. Stefansson.
Stories from Everywhere. By Rhoda Power.

Part Four

A PLAY TO ACT

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

This is a one-act play. Read it silently. Then select people to take the different parts and read it aloud. The people in the play are—

THE BAKER
THE TAILOR
THE COBBLER
THE CANDLESTICKMAKER
THE FISHMONGER
THE TINKER
THE MAYOR
FIRST COUNCILLOR
SECOND COUNCILLOR
THE KING
THE TWO GUARDS
THE TWO CAPTAINS
THE BLINDMAN

SCENE: *A street in Gotham; at the right side is the city gate. The gate is open and a guard stands on each side.*

As the play begins the Baker runs in from the left side. He runs across the stage to the gate and stands looking out. Then he turns and beckons the Cobbler who has just run in. The Cobbler is followed by the Tailor. All three stand at the gate.

BAKER. Look!

TAILOR. Where?

BAKER. There.

Cobbler. By my heels and soles! All I can see is a great cloud of dust in the highway.

[*The Fishmonger runs in and joins them.*]

Baker. Look again. Look closely. Can you not see horses?

Tailor. Stitches and shears! So I can, horses and horsemen.

[*The Tinker and the Candlestickmaker run in and join them.*]

Fishmonger. Fishes and fins! I can see a flag, a great red flag with a lion on it!

Candlestickmaker. That is the King's flag!

Tinker. The King!

All. The King is coming!

[*All stand and stare at each other in dismay.*]

Fishmonger. Now may a herring-bone stick in his throat!

Baker. May he choke on a bread crust!

Cobbler. May his shoes pinch him in this world and the next!

Tailor. Needles and thread! It will be a dark day for Gotham when the King enters its gates!

"The King Is Coming!"

Candlestickmaker. Tallow and wax! That is true. The King is a bad king.

Tinker. Kettles and pans! The King is a greedy king. He will take all our riches from us.

[*The Mayor walks in from the left side. He is fat and very proud. He is followed by two councillors.*]

Mayor. O men of Gotham, what is the cause of all this running to and fro? And what is the meaning of all this noise?

All. The King is coming! The King is coming to Gotham!

Mayor. Now by my staff and seal! This news is ill news. The King is a bad king. If the King comes into the city he will take all our riches. Now what is to be done?

First Councillor. Let us shut the gate of the city so the King cannot enter.

Second Councillor. That is a good plan. When the King sees that the gate is shut he will go around the other way.

[*A trumpet is heard faintly. Tantara! Tantara!*]

TINKER. Hark!

TAILOR. A trumpet.

CANDLESTICKMAKER. The King's trumpet!

FIRST COUNCILLOR. If the gate is to be shut it had best be shut quickly.

SECOND COUNCILLOR. That is well said.

MAYOR. What ho! Guards! Shut the gate! And be quick about it!

[*The Guards shut the gate.*
The trumpet is blown again close at hand.
There are three heavy knocks on the gate.]

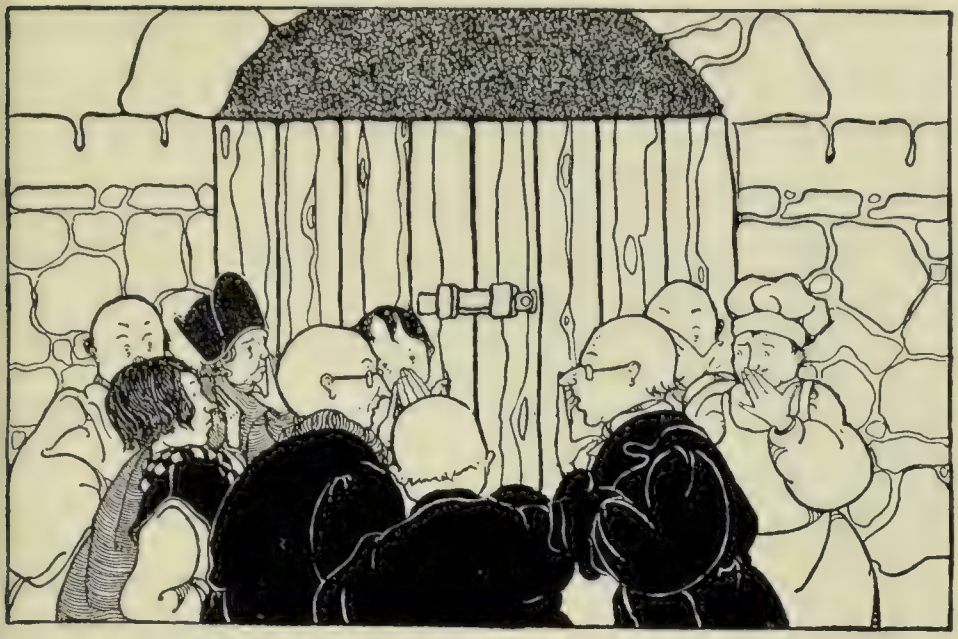
KING *(Outside the gate).* Who has dared to shut the gate in the King's face? You rash men of Gotham! Know that I will break your gate open. And when I have broken your gate I will enter your city, and then, by my crown and sceptre, I will cut off the nose of every man in Gotham!

ALL. Oh! Oh! Oh!

[*All put their hands over their noses.*]

COBBLER. By my last and leather! I should be sorry to lose my nose!

BAKER. Biscuits and buns! A nose is a small thing yet would I miss it!



Tinker. Pots and pans! In truth we would all look ill without our noses!

King *(Outside the gate)*. What ho! My men! Break open this gate!

[*There is the sound of three blows on the gate.*]

Mayor. Now by my oath and office! It seems that our noses are in great danger. I think we had best call a council at once.

First Councillor. That is a good plan. The council room has a strong door to it.

Second Councillor. A strong door and a

large lock. But we must have guards to guard it.

MAYOR. That is well said. Ho, guards! Follow us to the council room.

[*The Mayor marches out followed by the Councillors and the Guards.*

Three more blows sound on the gate.]

TAILOR. Look! Look! There is a little crack in the gate.

CANDLESTICKMAKER. Wicks and wax! The gate is cracking! What shall be done?

FISHMONGER. Let us call the Blindman. There is no wiser man than he in all Gotham. He will tell us what to do.

BAKER. Run then, and fetch him.

[*The Fishmonger runs out.*

There are three more blows on the gate.]

TINKER. Look! Look! There is a great crack in the gate!

COBBLER. Soles and heels! If the Blindman is to help us he must do it quickly.

[*The Fishmonger runs in again followed by the Blindman. He is very old and bends over on his staff.*]

Tailor. O wise man, tell us what to do!

Candlestickmaker. The King is beating down the gate.

Cobbler. And when he has broken down the gate—

Baker. He has sworn to enter the city—

Tinker. And cut off all our noses!

Blindman. He who has wit to learn let him hear. Many a man have I seen punished because he was wise, but never yet have I heard of any one's being harmed because he was a fool.

Baker. He speaks true. Let us then play the fool.

All. We will play the fool.

[*Three more blows sound on the gate.*]

Tailor. Look! Look! The gate is about to fall!

Candlestickmaker. The gate is falling!

[*Three more blows and the gate falls in with a crash.*

The King's trumpet sounds: Tantara! Tantara!

The men of Gotham scatter about the

stage. All become very busy. The King rides in followed by two captains.]

KING. Now by my sword and sceptre! We will teach these proud men a lesson! And by the time we have done there will not be so much as one inch of nose left in all Gotham! Let us begin at once.

[*The two Captains draw their swords.*]

Fellow!

[*He speaks to the Baker. The Baker is drawing a bucket from a well and letting it down. He does this again and again.*]

Fellow, I say!

BAKER. Aye, sir. Did you speak, sir? I was so hard at work, I did not hear you, sir.

KING. And what were you doing that you could not hear the King speak?

BAKER. Sir, I was trying to draw the moon out of the well. It fell in last night, sir, for I looked in and saw it. But though I draw and draw I cannot draw it out, sir!

KING. The moon in the well! Why, you foolish fellow, did you not know that that was not the moon but the moon's shadow?

Baker. Why, sir, I never thought of that. How wise you are, sir!

King. It is plain he has no wits. I cannot harm a fool.

[*He speaks to the Tinker and Tailor, who are busy building a wall.*]

And you two knaves, what are you doing there?

Tinker. Sir, there is a cuckoo in the branches of this tree here. So we are building a wall about the tree to keep the bird from straying.

King. Build a wall about a bird! Why you silly folk! Don't you know that it will fly out over the top?

Tailor. Indeed, sir, we never thought of that. What a wise man you are, sir!

King. I cannot punish such boobies.

[*He speaks to the Fishmonger, who is sitting by the road blowing and puffing with all his might.*]

And you, what are you doing?

Fishmonger. Over on the hill yonder stand three windmills. I am blowing, sir, so that my breath may turn the sails and the sails may turn

the millstones and the millstones may grind the corn.

KING. Why, you simpleton! Do you not know that your breath is too weak to turn a windmill?

FISHMONGER. Is that so, sir? I never thought of that! How wise you are, sir.

KING. Why he has no more wit than the rest of them! It would be a shame to harm him.

[*He speaks to the Candlestickmaker, who walks in carrying a door on his back.*]

And you, pray, what are you doing?

CANDLESTICKMAKER. Sir, I am starting on a long journey.

KING. But why do you carry that door with you?

CANDLESTICKMAKER. Sir, I have left all my money at home. I am carrying the door with me so that thieves cannot break in the door and steal my money.

KING. Why you great goose! Would it not be better to leave the door and take the money with you?

CANDLESTICKMAKER. Why, sir, I never thought of that! How wise you are, sir!

KING. He is no better than the rest.

[*He speaks to the Blindman, who is sitting by the roadside counting his fingers over and over.*]

And you, old man, what are you doing?

BLINDMAN. Sir, I am counting my fingers to find out how many wise men there be in Gotham.

KING. Ho! Ho! Ho! You will not have to count for long, old man, for it is plain that all the men of Gotham have not a penny's worth of wit between them! Indeed it would be a sin to harm such simple folk. Come, now, my men, let us leave in haste, lest by being too long in Gotham we, too, lose what wits we have.

FIRST CAPTAIN. Your Majesty speaks well.

SECOND CAPTAIN. Indeed, our wits for their noses would be a poor exchange, your Majesty!

[*The King goes out through the gate followed by the Captains.*]

TINKER. He's gone.

TAILOR. Gone!

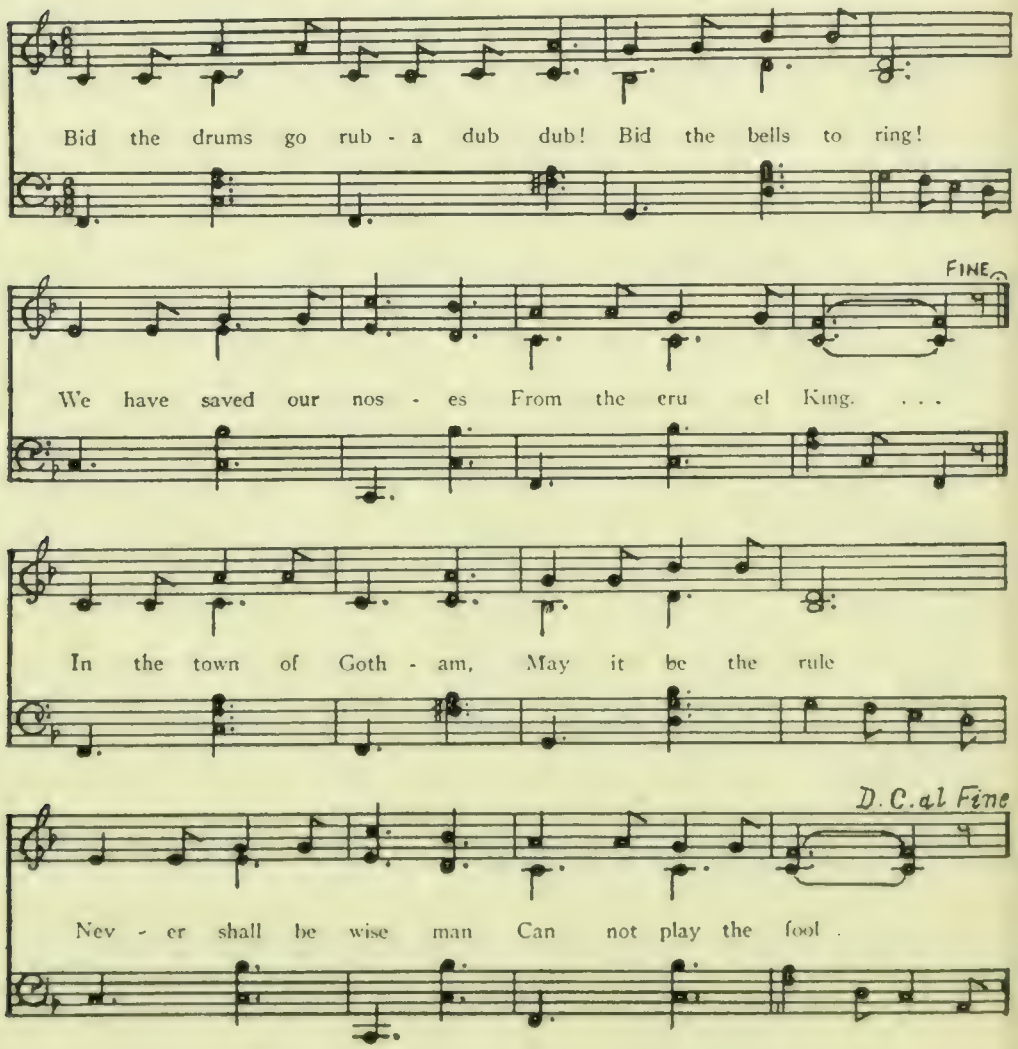
COBBLER. Gone!

[*They stand in line.*]

BAKER. Bid the drums go rub-a-dub-dub!

CANDLESTICKMAKER. Bid the bells to ring!

FISHMONGER. We have saved our noses
From the cruel King.

BLINDMAN. In the town of Gotham
May it be the rule,
Never shall be wise man
Cannot play the fool.

Bid the drums go rub - a dub dub! Bid the bells to ring!
FINE.
We have saved our nos - es From the cru el King. . . .
In the town of Goth - am, May it be the rule
D.C.al Fine
Nev - er shall be wise man Can not play the fool .

Tinker. Bid the drums go rub-a-dub-dub!

Tailor. Bid the bells to ring!

Cobbler. We have saved our noses.
We have fooled the King.

[*All lay their forefingers on the right side of their noses and wink with their right eyes. They then lay their forefingers on the left side of their noses and wink with their left eyes. All turn and march in single file out at the right.*]

—*Katharine Duncan Morse.*

Plays to Act

A Dramatic Reader, Books I, II and III. By Headland and Preble.

Little Plays for School and Home, Books I, II and III. By Githa Sowerby.

Mother Goose Plays, Volume II. By Lucy Cudoy.

Eight Plays for Children. By Rose Fyleman.

Historical Plays for Children. By G. E. Bird and M. Starling.

What Shall We Play? By F. W. Dunn.

A Child's Book of Holiday Plays. By F. G. Wickes.

Friends in Bookland. By W. A. Hope.

Goldtree and Silver Tree. By K. D. Morse.

The Princess and the Swineherd. By G. Seiler.

The Snow Queen. Adapted from Hans Andersen's story by Edith Marshall.

History Plays for Young Folks. By Ada C. Parker.

Part Five

YOUNG CITIZEN

A. COME, LET US PLAY!

1. THE FIRST NOËL

The first Noël the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as
they lay;
In fields where they lay a-keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël,
Born is the King of Israel.

They lookèd up and saw a star,
Shining in the east, beyond them far;
And to the earth it gave great light
And so it continued both day and night.

And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

This star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Then entered in those wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

—*Old Carol.*
(17th Century)

2. KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas looked out,
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about
Deep, and crisp, and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling:
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

"Sire, he lives a good league hence
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence
By St. Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together,
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

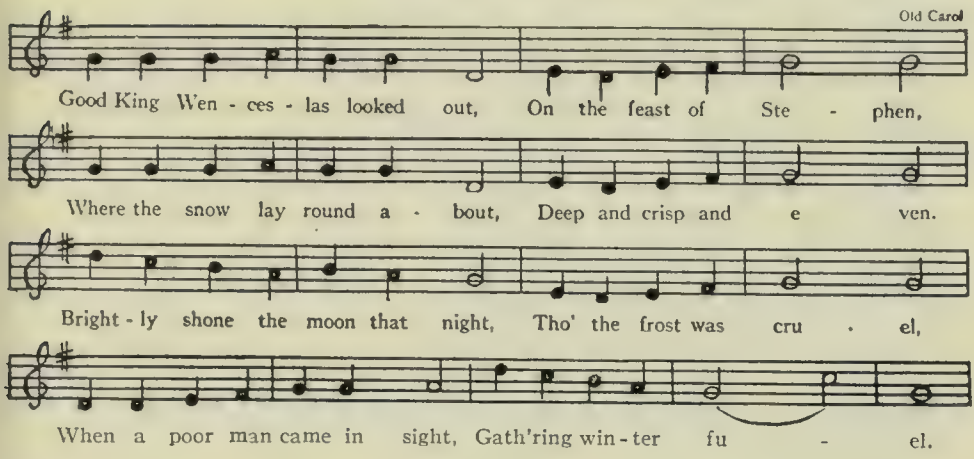
"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger:
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.

Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing.

—*Old Carol.*

GOOD KING WENCESLAS


Old Carol
Good King Wen - ces - las looked out, On the feast of Ste - phen,
Where the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e ven.
Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Tho' the frost was cru - el,
When a poor man came in sight, Gath'ring win - ter fu - el.

HELPS TO STUDY

Among the early Christians there were many martyrs. The first was Stephen. (Acts of the Apostles, chapter VII, verses 58 to 60.) His memory is celebrated on December 26th. Many years after this, a Christian woman suffered martyrdom. She became known as Saint Agnes. Her festival is on January 21st.

Ye who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing.

1. Explain the meaning of these lines. 2. Show how this thought is brought out in "King Wenceslas." 3. Tell the

Pronounced Wĕn'cĕs-lahs.

story contained in the poem. 4. Learn to sing the song. Make a collection of Christmas carols. Put them in your scrapbook. 5. Is this your favourite carol? Or do you know and like "God rest ye merry Gentlemen"? Which do you like the better? Tell why.

3. THE GREAT WALLED COUNTRY

I

GRANDFATHER CHRISTMAS

Away at the northern end of the world, farther than men have ever gone with their ships or their sleds, and where most people suppose that there is nothing but ice and snow, is a land full of children, called The Great Walled Country. This name is given because all around the country is a great wall, hundreds of feet thick and hundreds of feet high. It is made of ice, and never melts, winter or summer, and of course it is for this reason that more people have not discovered the place.

The land, as I said, is filled with children, for nobody who lives there ever grows up. The king and the queen, the princes and the courtiers, may be as old as you please, but they are chil-

THOMAS W. MITCHELL, A.R.C.A.

SKI-JORING

SKI-JORING

By Thomas W. Mitchell, A.R.C.A.

THE SUBJECT OF THIS PICTURE IS NOT COMMON IN ALL PARTS OF CANADA, BUT IT IS A WINTER SPORT GROWING IN POPULARITY. AT THE WINTER RESORTS, SKIING, SNOWSHOEING, TOBOGGANING, SKATING AND BOBSLEIGHING MAKE WINTER A JOLLY TIME FOR A HOLIDAY.

MR. MITCHELL IS A TORONTO ARTIST, WHO PAINTS BRIGHT, CHEERY PICTURES OF INTERESTING CANADIAN SUBJECTS. THIS PICTURE WAS PAINTED IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. NOTICE THE LAURENTIAN HILLS AND THE LITTLE QUEBEC HOUSE. SEE HOW THE ARTIST HAS ARRANGED THE PICTURE, SO THAT THE FOREGROUND IS IN THE SHADOW, AND THE SUNLIGHT IS GLISTENING ON THE SNOW-CLAD HILL AND TREE TOPS. IT MAKES YOU FEEL THAT IT WOULD BE A LOVELY WINTER DAY TO BE OUT HAVING A GOOD TIME.

dren for all that. They play a great deal of the time with dolls and tin soldiers, and every night at seven o'clock have a bowl of bread and milk and go to bed. But they make excellent rulers, and the other children are well pleased with the government.

There are all sorts of curious things about the way they live in The Great Walled Country, but this story is only of their Christmas season. One can imagine what a fine thing their Christmas must be, so near the North Pole, with ice and snow everywhere; but this is not all. Grandfather Christmas lives just on the north side of the country, so that his house leans against the great wall and would tip over if it were not for its support. Grandfather Christmas is his name in The Great Walled Country; no doubt we should call him Santa Claus here. At any rate, he is the same person, and, best of all the children in the world, he loves the children behind the great wall of ice.

One very pleasant thing about having Grandfather Christmas for a neighbour is that in The Great Walled Country they never have to buy their Christmas presents. Every year, on the

day before Christmas, before he makes up his bundles for the rest of the world Grandfather Christmas goes into a great forest of Christmas trees, that grows just back of the palace of the king of The Great Walled Country, and fills the trees with candy and books and toys and all sorts of good things. So when night comes, all the children wrap up snugly, while the children in all other lands are waiting in their beds, and go to the forest to gather gifts for their friends. Each one goes by himself so that none of his friends can see what he has gathered; and no one ever thinks of such a thing as taking a present for himself. The forest is so big that there is room for every one to wander about without meeting the people from whom he has secrets, and there are always enough nice things to go around.

So Christmas time is a great holiday in that land, as it is in all the best places in the world. They have been celebrating it in this way for hundreds of years, and since Grandfather Christmas does not seem to grow old any faster than the children, they will probably do so for hundreds of years to come.

II

THE EMPTY CHRISTMAS TREES

But there was once a time, so many years ago that they would have forgotten all about it if the story were not written in their Big Book and read to them every year, when the children in The Great Walled Country had a very strange Christmas. There came a visitor to the land. He was an old man, and was the first stranger for very many years that had succeeded in getting over the wall. He looked so wise, and was so much interested in what he saw and heard, that the king invited him to the palace, and he was treated with every possible honour.

When this old man had inquired about their Christmas celebration, and was told how they carried it on every year, he listened gravely and then, looking wiser than ever, he said to the king:

"That is all very well, but I should think that children who have Grandfather Christmas for a neighbour could find a better and easier way. You tell me that you all go out on Christmas Eve to gather presents to give to one another the next morning. Why take so much trouble,

and act in such a roundabout way? Why not go out together, and every one get his own presents? That would save the trouble of dividing them again, and every one would be better satisfied, for he could pick out just what he wanted for himself. No one can tell what you want as well as you can."

This seemed to the king a very wise saying, and he called all his courtiers and counsellors about him to hear it. The wise stranger talked further about his plan, and when he had finished they all agreed that they had been very foolish never to have thought of this simple way of getting their Christmas gifts.

"If we do this," they said, "no one can ever complain of what he has, or wish that some one had taken more pains to find what he wanted. We will make a proclamation, and always after this follow the new plan."

So the proclamation was made, and the plan seemed as wise to the children of the country as it had to the king and the counsellors. Every one had at some time been a little disappointed with his Christmas gifts; now there would be no danger of that.

On Christmas Eve they always had a meeting at the palace, and sang carols until the time for going to the forest. When the clock struck ten every one said, "I wish you a Merry Christmas!" to the person nearest him, and then they separated to go their ways to the forest. On this particular night it seemed to the king that the music was not quite so merry as usual, and that when the children spoke to one another their eyes did not shine as gladly as he had noticed them in other years; but there could be no good reason for this, since every one was expecting a better time than usual. So he thought no more of it.

There was only one person at the palace that night who was not pleased with the new proclamation about the Christmas gifts. This was a little boy named Inge, who lived not far from the palace with his sister. Now his sister was a cripple, and had to sit all day looking out of the window from her chair; and Inge took care of her, and tried to make her life happy from morning till night. He had always gone to the forest on Christmas Eve and returned with his arms and pockets loaded with pretty things for

his sister, which would keep her amused all the coming year. And although she was not able to go after presents for her brother, he did not mind that at all, especially as he had other friends who never forgot to divide their good things with him.

But now, said Inge to himself, what would his sister do? For the king had ordered that no one should gather any presents except for himself, or any more than he could carry away at once. All of Inge's friends were busy planning what they would pick for themselves, but the poor crippled child could not go a step toward the forest. After thinking about it a long time, Inge decided that it would not be wrong, if, instead of taking gifts for himself, he took them altogether for his sister. This he would be very glad to do; for what did a boy who could run about and play in the snow care for presents, compared with a little girl who could only sit still and watch others having a good time? Inge did not ask the advice of any one, for he was a little afraid others would tell him he must not do it; but he silently made up his mind not to obey the proclamation.

And now the chimes had struck ten, and the children were making their way toward the forest, in starlight that was so bright that it almost showed their shadows on the sparkling snow. As soon as they came to the edge of the forest, they separated, each one going by himself in the old way, though now there was really no reason why they should have secrets from one another.

Ten minutes later, if you had been in the forest, you might have seen the children standing in dismay, with tears on their faces, and exclaiming that there had never been such a Christmas Eve before. For as they looked eagerly about them to the low-bending branches of the evergreen trees, they saw nothing hanging from them that could not be seen every day in the year. High and low they searched, wandering farther into the forest than ever before, lest Grandfather Christmas might have chosen a new place this year for hanging his presents; but still no presents appeared. The king called his counsellors about him, and asked them if they knew whether anything of this kind had happened before, but they could tell him nothing.

So no one could guess whether Grandfather Christmas had forgotten them, or whether some dreadful accident had kept him away.

As the children were trooping out of the forest, after hours of weary searching, some of them came upon little Inge, who carried over his shoulder a bag that seemed to be full to overflowing. When he saw them looking at him, he cried:

"Are they not beautiful things? I think Grandfather Christmas was never so good to us before."

"Why, what do you mean?" cried the children. "There are no presents in the forest!"

"No presents!" Inge said. "I have my bag full of them." But he did not offer to show them, because he did not want the children to see that they were all for his little sister instead of for himself.

Then the children begged him to tell them in what part of the forest he had found his presents and he turned back and pointed them to the place where he had been. "I left many more behind than I brought away," he said.

"There they are! I can see some of the things shining on the trees even from here."

But when the children followed his footprints in the snow to the place where he had been, they still saw nothing on the trees, and thought that Inge must be walking in his sleep, and dreaming that he had found presents. Perhaps he had filled his bag with the cones from the evergreen trees.

III

WHAT THE COMMITTEE TOLD THE KING

On Christmas Day there was sadness all through The Great Walled Country. But those who came to the house of Inge and his sister saw plenty of books and dolls and beautiful toys piled up about the little cripple's chair, and when they asked where these things came from, they were told, "Why, from the Christmas-tree forest." And they shook their heads, not knowing what it could mean.

The king held a council in the palace, and appointed a committee of his most faithful courtiers to visit Grandfather Christmas, and see if they could find what was the matter. In a day

or two more the committee set out on their journey.

They had very hard work to climb the great wall of ice that lay between their country and the place where Grandfather Christmas lived, but at last they reached the top. And when they came to the other side of the wall they were looking down into the top of his chimney. It was not hard to go down this chimney into the house, and when they reached the bottom of it they found themselves in the very room where Grandfather Christmas lay sound asleep.

It was hard enough to waken him, for he always slept one hundred days after his Christmas work was over, and it was only by turning the hands of the clock around two hundred times that the commitee could do anything. When the clock had struck twelve times two hundred hours, Grandfather Christmas thought it was time for his nap to be over, and he sat up in bed, rubbing his eyes.

"Oh, sir!" cried the prince who was in charge of the committee, "we have come from the king of The Great Walled Country, who has sent us

to ask why you forgot us this Christmas, and left no presents in the forest."

"No presents!" said Grandfather Christmas. "I never forgot anything. The presents were there. You did not see them, that's all."

But the children told him that they had searched long and carefully, and in the whole forest there had not been found a thing that could be called a Christmas gift.

"Indeed!" said Grandfather Christmas. "And did little Inge, the boy with the crippled sister, find none?"

Then the committee was silent, for they had heard of the gifts at Inge's house, and did not know what to say about them.

"You had better go home," said Grandfather Christmas, who now began to realize that he had been awakened too soon, "and let me finish my nap. The presents were there, but they were never intended for children who were looking only for themselves. I am not surprised that you could not see them. Remember, that not everything that wise travellers tell you is wise." And he turned over and went to sleep again.

The committee returned silently to The Great

Walled Country, and told the king what they had heard. The king did not tell all the children of the land what Grandfather Christmas had said, but, when the next December came, he made another proclamation, bidding every one to seek gifts for others, in the old way, in the Christmas-tree forest. So that is what they have been doing ever since; and in order that they may not forget what happened, in case any one should ever ask for another change they have read to them every year from their Big Book the story of the time when they had no Christmas gifts.

—*Raymond MacDonald Alden.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read the story through silently as quickly as you can. 2. Now read it again silently, but stop when you come to the end of the story about Christmas in the Walled Country. Can you tell this much of the story? 3. What happened then? 4. Read again silently till you come to the end of this part. 5. What kind of a Christmas does it tell us about? 6. How did they get gack their old-fashioned Christmas? 7. Imagine that Grandfather Christmas kept a diary. What do you suppose he wrote in it during July, say, or December? 8. Justice is often represented as a woman with her eyes blindfolded. She holds a pair of scales in one hand, to measure honestly, and a sword in the other to defend the right. You

know how Father Time and Grandfather Christmas are pictured. How would you represent Selfishness, or Kindness, or Joy?

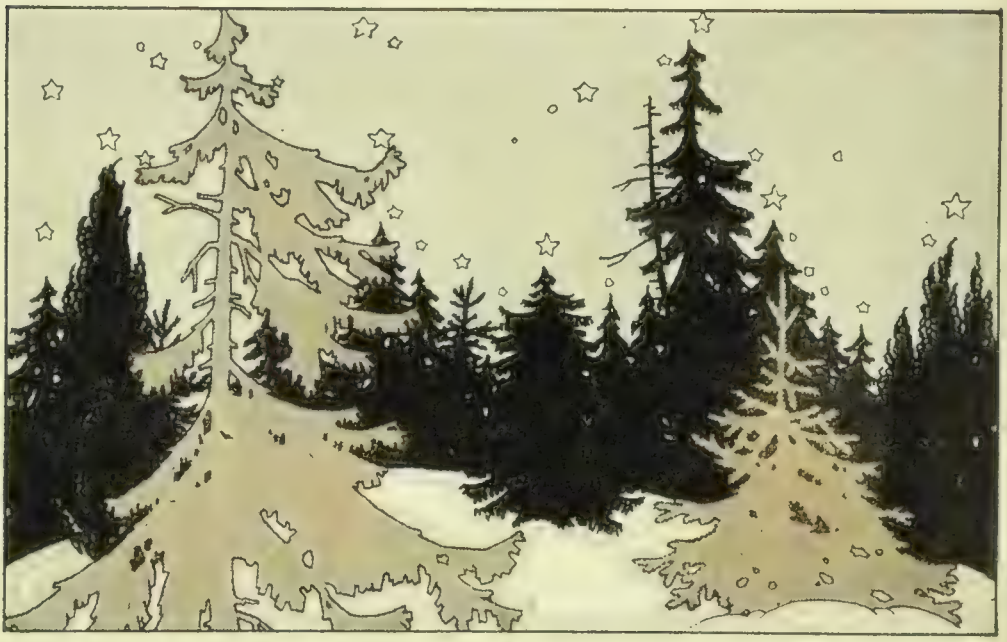
READ A STORY

Why the Chimes Rang. By R. M. Alden.
Children's Book of Christmas Stories. By Dickinson and Skinner.
Christmas. By R. H. Schauffler.
Easter. By R. H. Schauffler.
Christmas Stories and Plays. By Ada Skinner.
The Chimes. By Charles Dickens.
A Christmas Carol. By Charles Dickens.

4. CHRISTMAS SONG

Above the weary waiting world,
Asleep in chill despair,
There breaks a sound of joyous bells
Upon the frosted air.
And o'er the humblest roof-tree, lo!
A star is dancing on the snow.

What makes the yellow star to dance
Upon the brink of night?
What makes the morning dawn to glow
So magically bright—
And all the earth to be renewed
With infinite beatitude?



The singing bells, the throbbing star,
The sunbeams on the snow,
And the awakening heart that leaps
New ecstasy to know—
They all are dancing in the morn
Because a little child is born.

—*Bliss Carman.*

5. A CANADIAN FOLK SONG

The doors are shut, the windows fast;
Outside the gust is driving past,
Outside the shivering ivy clings,
While on the hob the kettle sings.

"Margery, Margery, make the tea,"
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The streams are hushed up where they flowed,
The ponds are frozen along the road,
The cattle are housed in shed and byre,
While singeth the kettle on the fire.
"Margery, Margery, make the tea,"
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The fisherman on the bay in his boat
Shivers and buttons up his coat;
The traveller stops at the tavern door,
And the kettle answers the chimney's roar.
"Margery, Margery, make the tea,"
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The firelight dances upon the wall,
Footsteps are heard in the outer hall;
A kiss and a welcome that fill the room,
And the kettle sings in the glimmer and gloom.
"Margery, Margery, make the tea,"
Singeth the kettle merrily.

—*William Wilfred Campbell.*

6. THE SKATING RACE

Hans Brinker is another of the books that every boy and girl ought to know. The scene is laid in Holland, and tells many interesting things about the life and customs of the Dutch. Skating is one of their favorite sports, and prizes are given for the best boy and girl skaters. Hans and his sister Gretel are a pair that you will be glad to know better.

I

"GRETEL BRINKER—ONE MILE!"

A flag is waved from the judges' stand. Madame Van Gleck rises in her pavilion. She leans forward with a white handkerchief in her hand. When she drops it, a bugler is to give the signal for them to start. The handkerchief is fluttering to the ground. Hark! They are off! No. Back again. Their line was not true in passing the judges' stand. The signal is repeated. Off again. No mistake this time. Whew! how fast they go! The multitude is quiet for an instant, absorbed in eager, breathless watching. Cheers spring up along the line of spectators. Huzza! five girls are ahead. Who comes flying back from the boundary mark? We cannot tell. Something red, that is all. There is a blue spot flitting near it, and

a dash of yellow nearer still. Spectators at this end of the line strain their eyes and wish they had taken their post nearer the flagstaff. The wave of cheers is coming back again. Now we can see! Katrinka is ahead!

She passes the Van Holp pavilion. The next is Madame van Gleck's. That leaning figure gazing from it is a magnet. Hilda shoots past Katrinka, waving her hand to her mother as she passes. Two others are close now, whizzing on

like arrows. What is that flash of red and grey? Hurrah, it is Gretel! She, too, waves her hand but toward no gay pavilion. The crowd is cheering, but she hears only her father's voice, "Well done, little Gretel!" Soon Katrinka, with a quick merry laugh shoots past Hilda. The girl in yellow is gaining now. She passes them all, all except Gretel. The judges lean forward without seeming to lift their eyes from their watches. Cheer after cheer fills the air; the very columns seem rocking. Gretel has passed them. She has won.

"Gretel Brinker—one mile!"—shouts the crier. The judges nod. They write something upon a tablet which each holds in his hand.

While the girls are resting—some crowding eagerly around our frightened little Gretel, some standing aside in high disdain—the boys form in a line. Mynheer van Gleck drops the handkerchief this time. The buglers give a vigorous blast! The boys have started. Half-way already! Did you ever see the like! Three hundred legs flashing by in an instant. But there are only twenty boys. No matter, there were hundreds of legs I am sure! Where are

they now? There is such a noise one gets bewildered. What are the people laughing at? Oh, at that fat boy in the rear. See him go! See him! He'll be down in an instant; no, he won't. I wonder if he knows he is all alone; the other boys are nearly at the boundary line. Yes, he knows it. He stops! He wipes his hot face. He takes off his cap and looks about him. Better to give up with a good grace. He has made a hundred friends by that hearty astonished laugh. Good Jacob Poot! The fine fellow is already among the spectators, gazing as eagerly as the rest.

A cloud of feathery ice flies from the heels of the skaters as they "bring to" and turn at the flagstaffs. Something black is coming now, one of the boys—it is all we know. He has touched the feelings of the crowd; it fairly roars. Now they come nearer—we can see the red cap. There's Ben—there's Peter—there's Hans! Hans is ahead! Young Madame Van Gend almost crushes the flowers in her hand; she had been quite sure that Peter would be first. Carl Schummel is next, then Ben, and the youth with the red cap. The others are pressing close. A

tall figure darts from among them. He passes the red cap, he passes Ben, then Carl. Now it is an even race between him and Hans. Madame Van Gend catches her breath.

It is Peter! He is ahead! Hans shoots past him. Hilda's eyes fill with tears, Peter must beat. Annie's eyes flash proudly. Gretel gazes with clasped hands—four strokes more will take her brother to the columns. He is there! Yes. but so was young Schummel just a second before. At the last instant, Carl, gathering his powers, had whizzed between them and passed the goal.

"Carl Schummel! One mile!" shouts the crier.

II

GRETEL WINS THE SILVER SKATES

Soon Madame Van Gleck rises again. The falling handkerchief starts the bugle; and the bugle, using its voice as a bowstring, shoots off twenty girls like so many arrows. It is a beautiful sight, but one has not long to look; before we can fairly distinguish them they are far in the distance. This time they are close upon one another; it is hard to say, as they come speeding back from the flagstaff, which will reach the

columns first. There are new faces among the foremost—eager, glowing faces, unnoticed before. Katrinka is there and Hilda, but Gretel and Rychie are in the rear. Gretel is wavering, but when Rychie passes her, she starts forward afresh. Now they are nearly beside Katrinka. Hilda is still in advance; she is almost "home." She has not faltered since that bugle note sent her flying; like an arrow still she is speeding toward the goal. Cheer after cheer rises in the

air. Peter is silent, but his eyes shine like stars. "Huzza! huzza!" The crier's voice is heard again.

"Hilda van Gleck, one mile!"

A loud murmur of approval runs through the crowd catching the music in its course, till all seems one sound, with a glad rhythmic throbbing in its depths. When the flag waves all is still. Once more the bugle blows a terrific blast. It sends off the boys like chaff before the wind—dark chaff I admit, and in big pieces. It is whisked around at the flagstaff, driven faster yet by the cheers and shouts along the line. We begin to see what is coming. There are three boys in advance this time, and all abreast. Hans, Peter and Lambert. Carl soon breaks the ranks, rushing through with a whiff! Fly, Hans, fly, Peter. Don't let Carl beat again—Carl the bitter, Carl the insolent. Van Mounen is flagging, but you are strong as ever. Hans and Peter, Peter and Hans; which is foremost? We love them both. We scarcely care which is the fleeter.

Hilda, Annie and Gretel, seated upon the long crimson bench, can remain quiet no longer. They spring to their feet—so different, and yet one in

eagerness. Hilda instantly reseats herself; none shall know how interested she is, none shall know how anxious, how filled with one hope. Shut your eyes then, Hilda—hide your face rippling with joy. Peter has beaten.

"Peter van Holp, one mile!" calls the crier.

The same buzz of excitement as before, while the judges take notes, the same throbbing of music through the din—but something is different. A little crowd presses close about some object, near the columns. Carl has fallen. He is not hurt, though somewhat stunned. If he were less sullen he would find more sympathy in these warm young hearts. As it is they forget him as soon as he is fairly on his feet again. The girls are to skate their third mile. How resolute the little maidens look as they stand in a line! Some are solemn with a sense of responsibility, some wear a smile, half bashful, half provoked, but one air of determination pervades them all. This third mile may decide the race. Still if neither Gretel nor Hilda win, there is yet a chance among the rest for the Silver Skates. Each girl feels sure that this time she will accomplish the distance in one-half the time.

How they stamp to try their runners, how nervously they examine each strap—how erect they stand at last, every eye upon Madame Van Gleck!

The bugle thrills through them again. With quivering eagerness they spring forward, bending, but in perfect balance. Each flashing stroke seems longer than the last. Now they are skimming off in the distance. Again the eager straining of eyes—again the shouts and cheering, again the thrill of excitement as, after a few moments, four or five, in advance of the rest, come speeding back, nearer, nearer to the white columns. Who is first? Not Rychie, Katrinka, Annie, nor Hilda, nor the girl in yellow—but Gretel—Gretel, the fleetest sprite of a girl that ever skated. She was but playing in the earlier race, now she is in earnest, or rather something within her has determined to win. That lithe little form makes no effort; but it cannot stop—not until the goal is passed! In vain the crier lifts his voice—he cannot be heard. He has no news to tell—it is already ringing through the crowd. Gretel has won the Silver Skates!

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

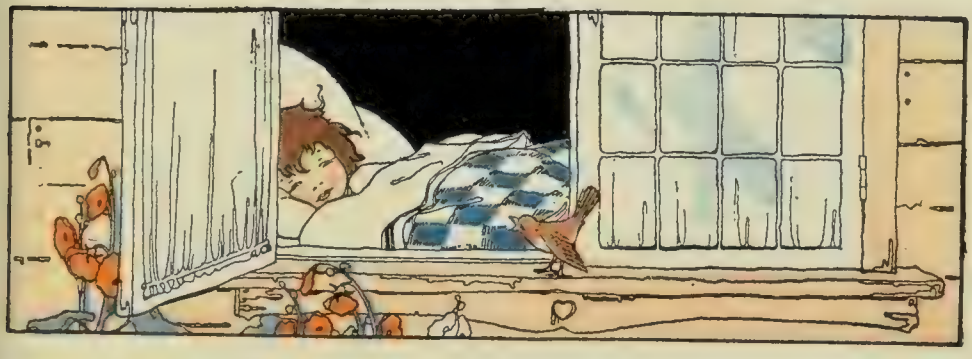
HELPS TO STUDY

1. What part of this story of the race do you like best? 2. Would you not like it better if you knew more about the boys and girls who are in the race? You can do so by reading the book, *Hans Brinker*. 3. Tell about some game or contest for a prize that you have seen or taken part in. 4. Perhaps you have skating races on your own rink. Do you make rules? Tell what they are.

7. A WAKE-UP SONG

Sun's up; wind's up! Wake up, dearies!
Leave your coverlets white and downy.
June's come into the world this morning.
Wake up, Golden Head! Wake up, Brownie!

Dew on the meadow-grass, waves on the water,
Robins in the rowan-tree wondering about you!
Don't keep the buttercups so long waiting.
Don't keep the bobolinks singing without you.



Wake up, Golden Head! Wake up, Brownie!
Cat-bird wants you in the garden soon.
You and I, butterflies, bobolinks and clover,
We've a lot to do on the first of June.

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Write down three lovely things the poet says he sees in early May. 2. Try and remember another poem that had the word "solitudes" in it. Do you remember "starry solitudes"? 3. Ecstasies are great joys; mysteries are strange secrets. Go out-of-doors and see if you can discover some of these great joys and strange secrets of the Spring. 4. Who are Golden Head and Brownie? Do you think the poet is calling to his children, or to his dogs?

8. THE WONDERFUL FISHING OF PETERKIN SPRAY

A fisherman bold was Peterkin Spray,
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away;
And when he got there, he embarked once more
Down the path that leads to the Sun's back door.
"Ho, ho!" said the Sun, "here is Fisherman Spray;
But the cook doesn't need any salmon to-day."

"Too bad, Mr. Sun!" said Peterkin Spray,
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away;

But the wind was so light that 'twas half-past eight
When he called his wares at the Moon-man's gate.
"Fresh fish!" he cried, but the Moon-man said,
"I never eat fish when I'm going to bed."

"What a fussy old Moon!" sighed Peterkin Spray,
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away;
And when he got there, he exclaimed, "My stars!
I had almost forgotten to call on Mars."
"Fine fish!" cried Mars, and he smacked his lips,
"Charge a dozen or so to my next eclipse!"

"O dear, O dear!" sighed Peterkin Spray,
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away;
And when he got there, he declared, "I wish
I never, never had learned to fish.
For some won't buy, and others won't pay,
And I'm tired and tired of sailing away!"

"I know what I'll do!" said Peterkin Spray.
And he turned his boat down the Milky Way.

He opened the dipper (yes, honest, he did!),
He popped in his cargo and slapped down the lid.
"Here's a kettle of fish!" laughed Peterkin
Spray,
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away.

—*Isobel Ecclestone Mackay.*

B. PLAYING THE GAME

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small:
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

1. THE TWO GOATS

Two goats frisking gaily on the rocky steeps of a mountain valley, chanced to meet, one on each side of a deep chasm through which poured a mighty mountain torrent. The trunk of a fallen tree formed the only means of crossing

PAUL CARON

BARGAINING

BARGAINING

By Paul Caron

*

THE HABITANT FARMER, WITH HIS LITTLE HAND-SLEIGH LOADED WITH TURKEYS, IS TRYING TO MAKE A BARGAIN. THIS IS THE SUBJECT OF THE PICTURE. BUT THE PICTURE TELLS US A GREAT MANY OTHER THINGS ABOUT FRENCH CANADA. RIGHT IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE HORSE AND SLEIGH. QUEBEC HORSES AND SLEIGHS ARE DIFFERENT FROM THOSE IN OTHER PARTS OF CANADA, AND THIS IS AN EXCELLENT PICTURE OF A QUEBEC HORSE AND SLEIGH. THE HOUSE IS TYPICAL OF THE FARM HOUSES IN QUEBEC; AND NOTICE THE OPEN BAKE OVEN JUST THIS SIDE OF THE HOUSE. IN THE DISTANCE WE CAN SEE A SUGGESTION OF A LITTLE FRENCH-CANADIAN VILLAGE, WITH ITS CHURCH SPIRE, AND, BACK OF THAT AGAIN, THE ROLLING LAURENTIAN HILLS.

THIS PICTURE IS PAINTED BY PAUL CARON, A MONTREAL ARTIST, WHO PAINTS PICTURES OF HABITANT SCENES.

the chasm, and on this not even two squirrels could have passed each other in safety. The narrow path would have made the bravest tremble. Not so our Goats. Their pride would not permit either to stand aside for the other.

One set her foot on the log. The other did likewise. In the middle they met horn to horn. Neither would give way, and so they both fell, to be swept away by the roaring torrent below.

It is better to yield to reason than to come to misfortune through stubbornness.

—*Æsop.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Write out the names of all the fables you have read. 2. What is the peculiar thing about the fable? 3. Read this fable silently. Tell the story. 4. Give a name to this story that will show what the writer wished to tell us. 5. Make a collection of short fables and put them in your scrap-book.

2. THE QUAILS

Ages ago a flock of more than a thousand quails lived together in a forest in India. They would have been happy, but that they were in great dread of their enemy, the quail-catcher. He used to imitate the call of the quail, and when they gathered together in answer to it, he

threw a great net over them, stuffed them into his basket, and carried them away to be sold.

Now one of these quails was very wise, and he said: "Brothers! I've thought of a good plan. In future, as soon as the fowler throws his net over us, let each one put his head through a mesh in the net and then lift it up together and fly away with it. When we have flown far enough, we can let the net drop on a thorn bush and escape from under it."

All agreed to the plan, and the next day, when the fowler threw his net, the birds all lifted it together in the very way that the wise quail had told them, threw it on a thorn bush and escaped. While the fowler tried to free his net from the thorns, it grew dark, and he had to go home.

This happened many days, till at last the fowler's wife grew angry and asked her husband: "Why is it that you never catch any more quail?"

Then the fowler said: "The trouble is that all the birds work together and help one another. If they would only quarrel, I could catch them fast enough."

A few days later, one of the quails accidentally trod on the head of one of his brothers as they alighted on the feeding ground.

"Who trod on my head?" angrily inquired the quail who was hurt.

"Don't be angry. I didn't mean to tread on you," said the first quail.

But the brother quail went on quarrelling, and pretty soon he declared: "I lifted all the weight of the net; you didn't help at all."

That made the first quail angry, and before long all were drawn into the dispute. Then the fowler saw his chance. He imitated the cry of the quail and cast his net over those who came together. They were still boasting and quarrelling, and they did not help each other lift the net. So the hunter lifted the net himself and crammed them into his basket. But the wise quail gathered his friends together and flew far away, for he knew that quarrels are the root of misfortune.

—*Ella Lyman Cabot.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read this story silently. 2. Now read it again, and try to answer these questions: "How was it that the fowler was able to catch the quails?" "What was the plan of the

wise quail?" "What happened to spoil the plan of the wise quail?" 3. Find the fable of the Bundle of Sticks. In what way is it like the Story of the Quails?

3. THE OGRE THAT PLAYED JACKSTRAWS

Once there was a terrible giant ogre, and he lived in a huge castle that was built right in the middle of a valley. All men had to pass by it when they came to the king's palace on the rock at the head of the valley. And they were all terribly afraid of the ogre, and ran just as fast as they could when they went by. And when they looked back as they were running, they could see the ogre sitting on the wall of his castle. And he scowled at them so fiercely that they ran as fast as ever they could. For the ogre had a head as large as a barrel, and great black eyes sunk deep under long, bushy eyelashes. And when he opened his mouth they saw that it was full of teeth, and so they ran away faster than ever, without caring to see anything more.

And the king wanted to get rid of the ogre and he sent his men to drive the ogre away, and

to tear down his castle, but the ogre scowled at them so savagely that their teeth began to fall out, and they all turned back and said they dare not fight such a horrid creature. Then Roger, the king's son, rode his black horse Hurricane up against the door of the ogre's castle and struck hard against the door with his iron glove. Then the door opened and the ogre came out and seized Roger in one hand and the great black horse in the other and rubbed their heads together, and while he did this he made them very small. Then he tumbled them over the wall into the ogre's garden. And they crawled through a hole in the garden fence and both ran home, Roger one way and Hurricane the other, and neither dared tell the king nor any one else where he had been, nor what the ogre had done to him. But it was two or three days before they became large again.

Then the king sent out some men with a cannon to batter down the walls of the ogre's castle. But the ogre sat on the wall and caught the cannon balls in his hand and tossed them back at the cannon, so that they broke the wheels and scared away all the men. And when

the cannon sounded, the ogre roared so loudly that all the windows in the king's palace were broken, and the queen and all the princesses went down into the cellar and hid among the sugar barrels and stuffed cotton in their ears till the noise should stop. And whatever the king's men tried to do the ogre made it worse and worse. And at last no one dared to go out into the valley beside the ogre's castle, and no one dared look at it from anywhere, because when the ogre scowled, all who saw him dropped to the ground with fear and their teeth began to fall out, and when the ogre roared there was no one who could bear to hear it.

So the king and all his men hid in the cellar of the castle with the queen and the princesses, and they stuffed their ears full of cotton, and the ogre scowled and roared and had his own way.

But there was one little boy named Pennyroyal, who tended the black horse Hurricane, and he was not afraid of anything because he was a little boy. And the little boy said he would go out and see the ogre and tell him to go away. And they were all so scared that they could not

ask him not to go. So Pennyroyal put on his hat, filled his pockets with marbles and took his kite under his arm, and went down the valley to the castle of the ogre. The ogre sat on the wall and looked at him, but the little boy was not afraid and so it did the ogre no good to scowl. Then Pennyroyal knocked on the ogre's door, and the ogre opened it and looked at the little boy.

"Please, Mr. Ogre, may I come in?" said Pennyroyal; and the ogre opened the door, and the little boy began to walk around the castle looking at all the things. There was one room filled with bones, but the ogre was ashamed of it, and did not want to let the little boy see it. So when Pennyroyal was not looking, the ogre just changed the room and made it small, so that instead of a room full of bones it became just a box of jackstraws. And the big elephant he had there to play with he made into a lap-elephant, and the little boy took it in his hand and stroked its tiny tusks and tied a knot in its trunk. And everything that could frighten the little boy the ogre made small and pretty, so that they had great times together.

And by and by the ogre grew smaller and smaller, and took off his ugly old face with the long teeth and bushy eyebrows and dropped them on the floor and covered them with a wolfskin. Then he sat down on the wolfskin and the little boy sat down on the floor beside him, and they began to play jackstraws with the box of jackstraws that had been a room full of bones. The ogre had never been a boy himself, so jackstraws was the only game he knew how to play. Then the elephant he had made small snuggled down between them on the floor. And as they played with each other, the castle itself grew small and shrank away until there was just room enough for them and for their game.

Up in the palace, when the ogre stopped roaring, the king's men looked out and saw that the ogre's castle was gone. Then Roger, the king's son, called for Pennyroyal. But when he could not find the boy, he saddled the black horse Hurricane himself and rode down the valley to where the ogre's castle had been. When he came back he told the king that the ogre and his castle were all gone. Where the castle stood there was nothing left but a board tent under

the oak tree, and in the tent there were just two little boys playing jackstraws, and between them on the ground lay a candy elephant.

That was all. For the terrible ogre was one of that kind of ogres that will do to folks just what folks do to them. There isn't any other kind of ogre.

—David Starr Jordan.

From the *Book of Knight and Barbara.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read the story silently. Tell the class as much of it as you can. 2. Read the story again, and write the names of all the people whom you find in it. 3. Read the three last lines very carefully. Memorize them. 4. Now mark, and read aloud, as many incidents in the story as you can that prove the truth of these lines. 5. The editor, who made this Reader for you, at first did not like all those "and, and, and's" of Dr. Jordan. But he left them in, because Dr. Jordan wanted them that way. Try reading the story without them. Which way do you like better? Why? 6. A proverb is a short, wise saying. "Look before you leap" is one. Can you think of a proverb which sums up the story you have just read? 7. From the three selections which you have read, on "Playing the Game," you will have thought out certain definite ideas of your own. No one likes a "poor sport." He is unpopular as a boy and a nuisance when he grows up. Write down your idea of "A Good Sport." Number your ideas and state them briefly.

C. THE GOOD CITIZEN

1. IAGOO, THE BOASTER

And Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Saw in all the eyes around him,
Saw in all their looks and gestures,
That the wedding guests assembled,
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,
His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo;
Never heard he an adventure
But himself had met a greater;
Never any deed of daring
But himself had done a bolder;
Never any marvellous story
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,
Would you only give him credence,
No one ever shot an arrow
Half so far and high as he had;

Ever caught so many fishes,
Ever killed so many reindeer,
Ever trapped so many beaver!

None could run so fast as he could,
None could dive so deep as he could,
None could swim so far as he could;
None had made so many journeys,
None had seen so many wonders,
As this wonderful Iagoo,
As this marvellous story-teller!

Thus his name became a by-word
And a jest among the people;
And whene'er a boastful hunter
Praised his own address too highly,
Or a warrior, home returning,
Talked too much of his achievements,
All his hearers cried: "Iagoo!
Here's Iagoo come among us!"

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

From *Hiawatha.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Write a letter to your chum telling him about some "loud speaker" you have met. 2. Write a humorous story that ends with these words: "In fact, the only music Bill really liked was blowing his own horn."

2. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Here we meet a good citizen. Good citizens are good neighbours. Discover why he was "my worthy friend."

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
  Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
  And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
  Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

3. LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind,
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All our wants He doth supply,
Loves to hear our humble cry,
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need,
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

—*John Milton.*

4. A CAUTION

If you your lips
Would keep from slips
  Of these five things beware:
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
  And how, and when, and where.

—*Author Unknown.*

THE EARTH IS EVERYCHILD'S HOME

No matter where his home is, the whole earth, with its blue oceans and green fields, is Everychild's treasure chest and workshop and playroom.

Part Six

THE WORLD AT WORK

A. WORKERS AND THEIR WORK

1. THE MILLER OF THE DEE

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark so blithe as he;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be:
"I envy nobody—no, not I,
And nobody envies me!"

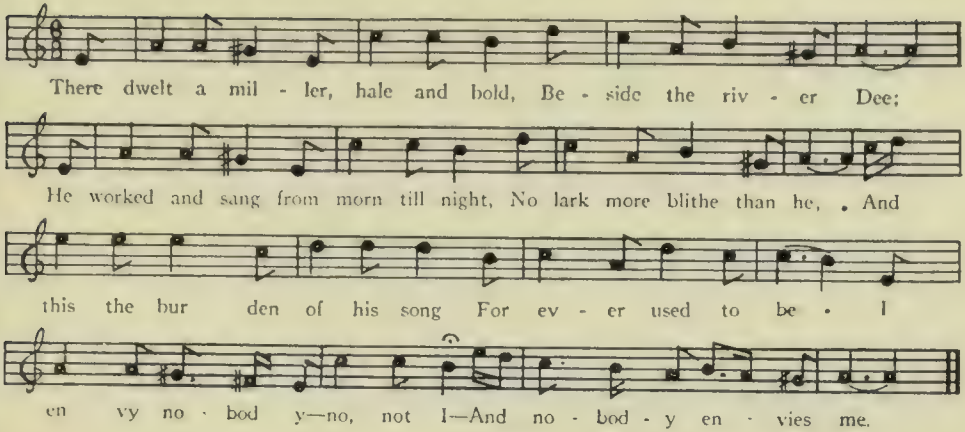
"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good King Hal;
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.

And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm a king,
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap:
"I earn my bread," quoth he:
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
That feeds my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be!
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou art England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

—*Charles MacKay.*


There dwelt a mil - ler, hale and bold, Be - side the riv - er Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night, No lark more blithe than he, And
this the bur den of his song For ev - er used to be - I
en vy no - bod y—no, not I—And no - bod - y en - vies me.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. First read the poem silently, then aloud. 2. Who are speaking? 3. Tell the story. 4. Write out what each person says. 5. Dramatize the story. 6. "Such men as thou art England's boast." Show clearly what kind of men "such men" are. Why are they "England's boast"? 7. In what ways are the miller and the blacksmith alike? 8. Learn to sing this song.

2. A LITTLE SONG OF LIFE

Here are some things for which we should remember to give thanks every day. Can you think of others? How can we grow nearer the sky?

Glad that I live am I;
That the sky is blue;
Glad for the country lanes,
And the fall of dew.

After the sun the rain,
  After the rain the sun;
This is the way of life,
  Till the work be done.

All that we need to do,
  Be we low or high,
Is to see that we grow
  Nearer the sky.

—*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

3. A CANADIAN HERD-BOY

Through the deep woods, at peep of day,
The careless herd-boy wends his way,
By piny ridge and forest stream,
To summon home his roving team:
Cobos! Cobos! from distant dell
Sly echo wafts the cattle-bell.

A blithe reply he whistles back,
And follow out the devious track,
O'er fallen tree and mossy stone,
A path to all save him unknown:
Cobos! Cobos! far down the dell
More faintly falls the cattle-bell.

See, the dark swamp before him throws
A tangled maze of cedar boughs;
On all around deep silence broods
In Nature's boundless solitudes:
Cobos! Cobos! the breezes swell
As nearer floats the cattle-bell.

He sees them now; beneath yon trees
His motley herd recline at ease:
With lazy pace and sullen stare
They slowly leave their shady lair:
Cobos! Cobos! far up the dell
Quick jingling comes the cattle-bell.

—*Susanna Moodie.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Poets sometimes gain fine effects through repetition:

"Come away, away, children.
Come, children, come down."

Do you find any repetition in this poem? What did the poet wish to stress? 2. A suggestion for debate: Resolved, that the country offers more opportunities for employment than the city. 3. The famous Doctor Johnson once said "A cow is a very good animal in the field; but we turn her out of a garden." Why do you think the Doctor said this?

4. CHARLIE RESCUES A BOAT

Charlie spent a happy summer on the coast of Maine, where he had wonderful times along the shore and on the water. He made friends with Captain Zeph and the Coast Guards, and learned many interesting things from them.

One day Charlie was very busy. It was the morning when he did his duties as honorary member of the Coast Guard. Quite a number of people had walked out to the Point the day before to admire the view, and Charlie, as Captain Zeph said, had his work "cut out for him."

He waited until the tide was low, as he always did when he was about his Coast Guard duties. Then he took his little spade with him and his soldier's knapsack, which strapped across his shoulders, and he walked along the beach until he came to the point. His little dog, Bingo, went with him. The strangers who had gone there the day before to admire the view had left the beach very untidy indeed. There were all kinds of boxes and papers, besides three empty ginger-ale bottles!

Charlie collected the bottles and, with his spade, he dug a hole in the sand well below the tide mark, and buried them. Then he collected

Charlie, Bingo and Captain Zeph.

all the papers and boxes and put them in his soldier's knapsack, so that he and his auntie could make a bonfire when he got home. Of course he was not allowed to make a bonfire all by himself; his auntie said that he was not old enough for that.

When Charlie had finished his work and the beach was all clear and tidy again, he started to walk home. The tide had turned by now and was coming in quite fast. Soon he came to a little cove, which belonged to a gentleman who owned a big house with a private wharf. He also owned a beautiful yacht which was moored opposite the wharf. Charlie admired the yacht very much, and the beautiful little rowboat—called a tender—which belonged to it. The tender was painted a shiny white outside, and inside it was made of varnished brown wood.

When Charlie reached the outer side of the cove, he noticed that the tender was not tied up to the wharf as it usually was; instead it had been drawn up on the beach and tied to a stone. But the knot must have been very badly tied indeed, for what do you think? The water had reached the tender, and the little waves

were lapping against it—and the rope was trailing behind. Yes, the boat had come untied and was drifting away from the shore! That was a terrible thing!

Charlie ran as fast as he could. He ran so fast that his cheeks got quite red, and he puffed and he panted—and his little dog Bingo ran, too.

But, even though he ran so fast, when he and Bingo reached the shore where the tender had been pulled up, it had already drifted quite far out. Of course Charlie had on his rubber boots, so he rushed into the water and waded out after the boat, and Bingo followed him. He waded farther and farther out, till the water came up above his knees. The rope of the tender was still trailing behind and at last Charlie was close to it, but he just missed it!

Charlie was in despair. He could not wade out any farther, for he had promised his mother and his auntie *never* to wade out so far that the water would come in over the tops of his rubber boots. Then, what do you think? That *clever* little Bingo began to swim, and he swam so fast that he soon came up with the boat and *actually* caught the rope in his mouth and swam back with it to Charlie!

Charlie was very proud when at last he held the rope safely in his hands. He waded back to shore, dragging the boat after him. He felt that he was doing a very grown-up deed, and one that any member of the Coast Guard might

be proud of. He and Bingo had rescued a boat all by themselves!

Charlie soon reached the shore and looked around for a big stone, well above the tide line, which would be really safe to tie the boat to; but he could not find one. So he towed the boat along the cove to the private wharf and fastened it to one of the supports of the wharf. He was determined that *this* time the knot should not come undone, so he tied the rope in the most difficult knot that Captain Zeph had taught him.

The knot that he tied is called the "Portugee hitch," and very few people know how to tie it nowadays; but I can tell you one thing, and that is that even a storm at sea, blowing around Cape Horn, would not be able to untie a Portugee hitch! Then Charlie went home and told his mother and his daddy and his auntie all about it.

Well, it happened that the gentleman to whom the tender belonged, and who had tied such a careless knot, came down to the beach soon after Charlie had reached home. Captain Zeph was with him, for they were friends, and Captain Zeph often went out with him in his yacht. The

gentleman soon saw that his boat was tied up in a different place from where he had left it; then he noticed that the rope was tied in a most *extraordinary* knot. He called Captain Zeph and said, "I did not tie that knot—I have never seen one like it."

Captain Zeph examined the knot, and he said, "That is a Portugee hitch. I reckon that there are only two people in this town that use that knot, and those two people are—Charlie and I. He knows how to tie it because I showed him myself!"

The gentleman said, "Let us go and see Charlie, for this is a very mysterious thing and I should like to know the explanation." So Captain Zeph took the gentleman home with him. Charlie was playing on the beach in front of the house, but he came running as soon as he heard Captain Zeph calling him.

The gentleman said to him, "Charlie, a most mysterious thing has happened. I dragged my boat up on the shore and tied it to a stone; then I went to the post office to mail a letter; and, when I came back, the boat was tied to the wharf and the rope was tied with a very

unusual knot. Captain Zeph tells me that he, himself, and you are the only two people in this town who know how to tie it. He did not tie it, so perhaps *you* can explain ?"

"Yes," said Charlie, "I tied that knot—the knot *you* tied came undone, and the boat was drifting away. So Bingo and I brought her back, and I tied that knot because that kind can *never* come undone. I will teach you how to tie it if you like—"

"Thank you," said the gentleman. "And thank you for saving my boat. I am very grateful, but why did you not claim salvage ?"

But Charlie did not know what "salvage" meant, he had never heard the word before. Then the gentleman said, "I will explain to you what salvage means. When sailors find an abandoned ship floating on the ocean, if they rescue it and bring it to shore, they call it salvaging the vessel. They can then claim a reward from the owner of the ship, which he *has* to pay. The reward is called 'salvage.' So what salvage do you demand ?"

But Charlie was quite indignant. He said, "I did not save your tender to get salvage. I

am an honorary member of the Coast Guard, and I saved your boat because the Coast Guards save every boat they can that gets into danger."

The gentleman smiled. "Of course that is an entirely different matter," he said. "I did not know that you belonged to the Coast Guard, or I should not have suggested salvage. As you say, it is the duty of the Coast Guard to rescue every boat that seems to be in danger. Still I thank you very much." And he shook Charlie's hand and patted Bingo on the head.

The next few days nothing very interesting happened except that Captain Zeph began to teach Charlie to row.

Captain Zeph had a flat-bottomed boat, and he took Charlie out every morning, and showed him how to hold the oars, and how if you want to turn your boat to the right you row harder with the *left* oar, and if you want to turn to the left you row harder with the *right* oar; and if you want to turn the boat around you row with one oar alone until the boat has turned enough. All this Charlie found quite easy to learn when he had the oars in his hands, and Captain Zeph

said that Charlie would soon make a fine oarsman.

Then one day Charlie's mother and his daddy went up to the nearest town on the stage. They did not take Charlie with them and they did not explain why, but Charlie did not mind because Captain Zeph gave him a long lesson in rowing. But in the evening when they came back, Charlie's daddy was carrying a strangely-shaped bundle, and he would not show Charlie what was inside it. That was very mysterious as Charlie was not expecting any birthday for months and months, and of course Christmas never comes in the summer!

One morning, about five days after Charlie had saved the gentleman's boat, he ran down as he always did directly after breakfast to the Creek to see if any boats had entered the Harbour during the night. And Captain Zeph and Mrs. Zeph, and Charlie's mother and his auntie and his daddy and kitten Topsy and little dog Bingo all followed after—it was quite a procession!

And—what do you think? When he got down to the Creek, Charlie discovered that a new craft

had entered the Harbour during the night, and there it was drawn up on the beach where he played every day, and tied to a stone.

It was a very little boat, just big enough for a little boy. It was painted white with a green line, and across the seats was a pair of short little oars, also painted white with green rings around the top. Of course Charlie went up to examine this entrancing little boat. He noticed one peculiar thing and that was that the rope was tied to the stone in the knot that only he and Captain Zeph knew how to tie.

Then, when he walked all around the little boat, he noticed another remarkable thing and that was that on the stern—which is the back part of a boat—was painted in large letters the name CHARLIE !

It certainly was *most* mysterious! Charlie's mother and his daddy and his auntie, and Mrs. Zeph and Captain Zeph agreed that it seemed very mysterious, too. Then Captain Zeph noticed a white envelope lying on the boat seat, and beside it was a package with something written on it. He picked them both up and said, "Look at this envelope. It is addressed to Charlie. Maybe

this will explain what this boat is doing drawn up on my beach." And it *did* explain!

Inside the envelope was a piece of paper with writing on it, and Captain Zeph read it aloud. This is what he read:

"In grateful recognition to Coast Guard Charlie for rescuing my tender under dangerous circumstances, and to aid him in the pursuit of his duties as a Coast Guard. P.S.—I tied the knot myself."

Captain Zeph read next what was written on the package, and this was what it was: "To Bingo, as salvage for aiding in the salvaging of my yacht tender. P.S.—Bingo is not a member of the Coast Guard, so it is perfectly right for *him* to accept salvage."

Charlie opened the package, and what do you think was inside it? You never could guess, so I will tell you—it was an *enormous* mutton chop.

Well, when Bingo saw that mutton chop he jumped right up into the air, and caught it in his mouth as Charlie threw it to him.

As for Charlie—how would *you* feel if you had a little boat of your very own, only just big

enough for you and Topsy and Bingo? Well, Charlie felt just as you would.

Then, Charlie's daddy showed him the mysterious parcel he had brought back from town. Charlie opened it and inside was a little life-belt. And his mother fastened it around him, and she told him that he must always wear the life-belt when he was in his boat; and that he might go out in his boat all alone whenever he liked, but he must promise *never* to go out of the Creek. The Creek was quite near Captain Zeph's house, and then it got very narrow before it flowed into the Harbour. Where it was narrowest there was a big rock, and Charlie's daddy said that he must never go beyond that rock. So Charlie promised that he never would.

Then he launched his boat, and jumped in and pushed off and rowed all around the Creek to the big rock and back again.

Bingo was so much excited that when he saw Charlie rowing around, he barked and barked, but Topsy walked right down to the water's edge, and when Charlie came near the shore again Topsy made one long leap and landed right on Charlie's knees. Then he sat on the

bow of the boat—the bow is the front part—and looked as proud as proud could be. And Bingo jumped on board also, but when Charlie began to row out again he jumped right out of the boat—splash, into the water and swam ashore.

—*Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell.*

From *Charlie and His Coast Guards.*

5. THE BERRY PICKERS

Through the uncombed grasses
  Of the ungroomed North
The brown berry-pickers
  Come gaily forth—

Come where the purple
  Makes a royal sward
For an uncrowned king,
  For an unknown Lord.

I can hear a tune
  As their fingers play
In the clean, warm air
  Of a summer's day.

Brown-eyed Agnes,
  Swift-footed Kate,
Are picking blueberries
  For my cold, white plate.

Any berry's flavor
  Would taste very good
If plucked by brown fingers
  In a frayed, wild wood.

Mary has a fair eye
  And a trim waist:
I touch her dark beauty
  In this berry's taste.

Sweetest is the berry,
  Sweetest to the tongue,
When the berry-pickers
  Are blithe and young.

Dwellers of the wilderness
  Long have understood
Old crones should never gather
  Berries in a wood.

—*Wilson MacDonald.*

6. LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY

I

DAFFYDOWNDILLY MEETS A STRANGER

Daffydowndilly was so called because he was like a flower, and loved to do only what was agreeable, and took no delight in labour of any kind.

But while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from home and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best said that this Mr. Toil was a very good man and had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else.

Yet Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly face, especially for such little boys or big men as were idle. His voice, too was harsh. All his ways seemed very disagreeable to our friend, Daffydowndilly.

The whole day long the old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the children, or stalked about the schoolroom with a birch rod in his hand. Unless a lad chose to attend to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment.

"This will never do for me," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away and try to find my dear mother. At any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil.

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly. He had gone only a short distance, when he overtook a man who was trudging along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger, and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but at last confessed that he had run away from school on account of his great dislike for Mr. Toil.

"Oh, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger. "Then we will go together. I, too, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and shall be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with some one of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have done other things to make the journey pleasant. But he agreed to go with the stranger, and they walked on together.

They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the hay. He thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, than to be shut up in a schoolroom with old Mr. Toil; but while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him among the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an old man, who seemed to be the employer of the men at work there. He was busily at work in his shirt-

sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, this old farmer looked just like old Mr. Toil.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his. People say he is the more disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you unless you become a labourer on the farm."

Yet little Daffydowndilly was very glad when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who looked so much like Mr. Toil.

II

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S MANY BROTHERS

Then they went on a little farther, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers.

So they made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gaily dressed, with muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, making such

Mr. Toil Among The Soldiers.

lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he were only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never dare look him in the face.

"Forward, march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started in great dismay. This voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded just like that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's schoolroom, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth.

Turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of Mr. Toil himself, in a fine uniform, with a long sword, instead of a birch rod, in his hand. In spite of all this, he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the schoolroom.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly in a trembling voice. "Let us run away."

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his who has served in the army all his life. People say he's

a very severe fellow, but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly, "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger went on.

By and by they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with.

"Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion, "for Mr. Toil will never dare show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here!"

But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue. Happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he see again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle bow instead of a birch rod. Daffydowndilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join in the dance.

"Oh, dear me!" whispered he, turning pale,

"it seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle?"

"This is not your old schoolmaster," said the stranger, "but another brother of his, who is a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Mr. Pleasure. But his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brother."

"Let us go a little farther," said Daffydowndilly. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler at all."

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes and through pleasant villages.

Wherever they went, there was the image of old Mr. Toil. He stood like a scarecrow in the cornfields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor. If they peeped into the kitchen, he was there. He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, in one shape or another, into the finest houses. Everywhere there was sure to be one of the old schoolmaster's many hard-working brothers.

III

BACK TO SCHOOL TOGETHER

Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death, when he saw some people lying in a shady place by the side of the road. The poor child begged his companion that they might sit down there and take some rest.

"Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he, "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

But, even while he spoke, Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest of all those lazy people who had lain down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be again but the very image of Mr. Toil!

"There is a large family of these Toils," said the stranger. "This is another of the old schoolmaster's brothers, who has very idle habits and goes by the name of Mr. Do Nothing. He pretends to lead an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the family."

"Oh, take me back! take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all over the world, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse!"

"There it is—there is the schoolhouse," said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had travelled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come, we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil. The poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him.

Some people, who have heard little Daffydowndilly's story, believe that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and that he could change himself into any shape.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward he worked at his task, because he knew that work is no more toilsome than sport or idleness.

And when he knew Mr. Toil better, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that his smile of approval made

his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read the whole story silently. 2. Make a record of the time it takes you. 3. Read it as quickly as you can, but be prepared to tell the story to the class. 4. Read it again, silently. Answer the following questions: Why did Daffydowndilly run away from school? What are the names of the people whom he met along the road? Why did he not wish to remain with them? Why did he wish to return to school? Who had been his companions all the time? 5. Write the words that give you trouble. Say them over till you can pronounce them with ease. Be sure you can use them in a meaningful sentence. 6. Read the story silently again. How much faster can you read it without missing any of the story? 7. Dramatize the story, and give it at your Friday afternoon literary programme. 8. Do you think "Mr. Toil" is a good name for the teacher? Some writers make up very good names for their characters, Mrs. Gossip, Dr. Swishtail, and so on. Choose a story in this Reader and invent suitable but amusing names for them, or, better still, write a story of your own.

SILENT READING

You have read many books by this time. Have you been able to let yourself go and enjoy every word of them? You have seen that most of the time you read silently for the sake of the story. Once in a while the story was so good, or the information so valuable, that you read it aloud to the members of the class. But most of your reading, you will see, is done silently. You must have noticed that you

can read much faster, and get more out of the story, than other pupils. It is a fine thing to do one's work quickly and accurately. This, like most other things, can be acquired by practice.

We measure our speed by the number of words we can read in a minute, and our accuracy by the number of ideas we can reproduce from a given passage after we have read it. The speed is not much good without the ideas. We do more valuable work when we get the ideas in the shortest time possible for us.

You know what you do when you want to increase your speed in running, or the height or length of your jump. You use a watch and a tape line. You keep a record of your time and try to improve. There is no guess-work about it. Do the same with your reading. Run races with your class-mates, or, better still, with your own recorded time. See if you cannot improve your reading from month to month. Remember it is not reading unless you are getting the message from the printed page.

7. SHADOWS OF THE EVENING

Now the day is over,
  Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
  Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
  Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
  Soon will be asleep.

Through the long night watches
  May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
  Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
  Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
  In Thy holy eyes.

—*Sabine Baring-Gould.*

NOTE.—This is a song to sing in two parts. Do you know the harmony? It is a very old song, a crooning one, and lovely to sing at home. You should learn both the soprano and the alto, so that somebody else you know may take whichever part she chooses.

B. STORIES OF INVENTION

1. HOW ROBINSON CRUSOE MADE BREAD

About the latter end of December, which was our second harvest of the year, I reaped my crop. I was sadly put to it for a scythe or a sickle to cut it down; and all I could do was to make one as well as I could out of one of the broad-swords or cutlasses which I saved

among the arms out of the ship. However, as my first crop was but small, I had no great difficulty to cut it down. In short, I reaped it my way, for I cut nothing off but the ears, and carried it away in a great basket which I had made, and so rubbed it out with my hands; and at the end of all my harvesting I found that out of my half-peck of seed I had near two bushels of rice and about two bushels and a half of barley—that is to say, by my guess, for I had no measure at that time.

However, this was a great encouragement to me, and I foresaw that in time it would please God to supply me with bread. And yet here I was perplexed again: for I neither knew how to grind or make meal of my corn, or, indeed, how to clean it and part it; nor if made into meal, how to make bread of it; and if how to make it, yet I knew not how to bake it. These things being added to my desire of having a good quantity for store, and to secure a constant supply, I resolved not to taste any of this crop, but to preserve it all for seed against the next season; and in the meantime to employ all my study and hours of working to accomplish this

great work of providing myself with corn and bread.

It might be truly said that now I worked for my bread. It is a little wonderful, and what I believe few people have thought much upon—namely, the strange multitude of little things necessary in the providing, producing, curing, dressing, making, and finishing this one article of bread. I that was reduced to a mere state of nature found this to my daily discouragement, and was made more and more sensible of it every hour, even after I had got the first handful of seed-corn; which, as I have said, came up unexpectedly, and indeed to a surprise.

First, I had no plough to turn up the earth, no spade or shovel to dig it. Well, this I conquered by making a wooden spade, as I observed before. But this did my work in but a wooden manner; and though it cost me a great many days to make it, yet for want of iron it not only wore out the sooner, but made my work the harder, and made it be performed much worse. However, this I bore with, and was content to work it out with patience, and bear with the badness of the performance. When the corn

was sowed I had no harrow, but was forced to go over it myself, and drag a great heavy bough of a tree over it, to scratch it, as it may be called, rather than rake or harrow it.

When it was growing and grown, I have observed already, how many things I wanted, to fence it, secure it, mow or reap it, cure and carry it home, thrash, part it from the chaff, and save it. Then I wanted a mill to grind it, sieves to dress it, yeast and salt to make it into bread, and an oven to bake it; and yet all these things I did without, as shall be observed; and yet the corn was an inestimable comfort and advantage to me, too. All this, as I said, made everything laborious and tedious to me, but that there was no help for, neither was my time so much loss to me, because, as I had divided it, a certain part of it was every day appointed to these works. And as I resolved to use none of the corn for bread till I had a greater quantity by me, I had the next six months to apply myself wholly by labour and invention to furnish myself with utensils proper for the performing all the operations necessary for the making the corn (when I had it) fit for my use.

But, first, I was to prepare more land, for I had now seed enough to sow about an acre of ground. Before I did this I had a week's work at least to make me a spade; which, when it was done, was but a sorry one indeed, and very heavy, and required double labour to work with it. However, I went through that, and sowed my seed in two large flat pieces of ground as near my house as I could find them to my mind, and fenced them in with a good hedge, the stakes of which were all cut of that wood which I had set before, and knew it would grow; so that in one year's time I knew I should have a quick or living hedge, that would want but little repair. This work was not so little as to take me up less than three months, because great part of that time was of the wet season, when I could not go abroad.

Within doors—that is, when it rained, and I could not go out—I found employment on the following occasions, always observing that all the while I was at work I diverted myself with talking to my parrot, and teaching him to speak; and I quickly learned him to know his own name and at last to speak it out pretty loud—

Poll, which was the first word I ever heard spoken in the island by any mouth but my own. This, therefore, was not my work, but an assistant to my work; for now, as I said, I had a great employment upon my hands, as follows—namely, I had long studied by some means or other to make myself some earthen vessels, which indeed I wanted sorely, but knew not where to come at them. However, considering the heat of the climate, I did not doubt but if I could find out any such clay, I might botch up some such pot as might, being dried in the sun, be hard enough and strong enough to bear handling, and to hold anything that was dry and required to be kept so. And as this was necessary in the preparing corn, meal, etc., which was the thing I was upon I resolved to make some as large as I could, and fit only to stand like jars to hold what should be put into them.

It would make the reader pity me, or rather laugh at me, to tell how many awkward ways I took to raise this paste; what odd, misshapen, ugly things I made; how many of them fell in, and how many fell out, the clay not being stiff enough to bear its own weight; how many

cracked by the over-violent heat of the sun, being set out too hastily; and, how many fell in pieces with only removing as well before as after they were dried; and, in a word, how, after having laboured hard to find the clay, to dig it, to temper it, to bring it home and work it, I could not make above two large earthen ugly things—I cannot call them jars—in about two months' labour.

However, as the sun baked these two very dry and hard, I lifted them very gently up, and set them down again in two great wicker baskets which I had made on purpose for them, that they might not break; and as between the pot and the basket there was a little room to spare, I stuffed it full of the rice and barley straw. And these two pots being to stand always dry, I thought would hold my dry corn, and perhaps the meal, when the corn was bruised.

Though I miscarried so much in my design for large pots, yet I made several smaller things with better success—such as little round pots, flat dishes, pitchers, and pipkins, and any things my hand turned to; and the heat of the sun baked them strangely hard.

But all this would not answer my end, which was to get an earthen pot to hold what was liquid, and bear the fire, which none of these could do. It happened after some time, making a pretty large fire for cooking my meat, when I went to put it out after I had done with it, I found a broken piece of one of my earthenware vessels in the fire burned as hard as a stone, and red as a tile. I was agreeably surprised to see it, and said to myself that certainly they might be made to burn whole if they would burn broken.

This set me to studying how to order my fire, so as to make it burn me some pots. I had no notion of a kiln, such as the potters burn in; or of glazing them with lead, though I had some lead to do it with; but I placed three large pipkins and two or three pots in a pile, one upon another, and placed my firewood all round it, with a great heap of embers under them. I plied the fire with fresh fuel round the outside and upon the top, till I saw the pots in the inside red hot quite through, and observed that they did not crack at all. When I saw them clear red, I let them stand in that heat about

five or six hours, till I found one of them, though it did not crack, did melt or run; for the sand which was mixed with the clay melted by the violence of the heat, and would have run into glass if I had gone on, so I slacked my fire gradually, till the pots began to abate of the red colour; and watching them all night that I might not let the fire abate too fast, in the morning I had three very good—I will not say handsome—pipkins and two other earthen pots as hard burned as could be desired, and one of them perfectly glazed with the running of the sand.

After this I need not say that I wanted no sort of earthenware for my use; but I must needs say, as to the shapes of them, they were very indifferent, as any one may suppose, when I had no way of making them but as the children make dirt-pies, or as a woman would make pies that never learned to raise paste.

No joy at a thing of so mean a nature was ever equal to mine when I found I had made an earthen pot that would bear the fire, and I had hardly patience to stay till they were cold before I set one upon the fire again with some

water in it to boil me some meat, which it did admirably well. And with a piece of a kid I made some very good broth, though I wanted oatmeal, and several other ingredients requisite to make it so good as I would have had it been.

My next concern was, to get me a stone mortar to stamp or beat some corn in; for as to the mill, there was no thought at arriving to that perfection of art with one pair of hands. To supply this want I was at a great loss; for of all trades in the world, I was perfectly unqualified for a stone-cutter as for any whatever; neither had I any tools to go about it with. I spent many a day to find out a great stone big enough to cut hollow, and make fit for a mortar, and could find none at all, except what was in the solid rock, and which I had no way to dig or cut out; nor, indeed, were the rocks in the island of hardness sufficient, but were all of a sandy, crumbling stone, which neither would bear the weight of a heavy pestle, nor would break the corn without filling it with sand. So after a great deal of time lost in searching for a stone, I gave it over, and resolved to look out for a great block of hardwood, which I found

indeed much easier; and getting one as big as I had strength to stir, I rounded it, and formed it in the outside with my axe and hatchet, and then, with the help of fire and infinite labour, made a hollow place in it, as the Indians in Brazil make their canoes. After this I made a great heavy pestle or beater of the wood called the iron-wood, and this I prepared and laid by against I had my next crop of corn, when I proposed to myself to grind, or rather pound, my corn into meal to make my bread.

My next difficulty was to make a sieve, or search, to dress my meal, and to part it from the bran and the husk, without which I did not see it possible I could have any bread. This was a most difficult thing so much as but to think on; for to be sure I had nothing like the necessary thing to make it—I mean fine thin canvas, or stuff to search the meal through. And here I was at a full stop for many months; nor did I really know what to do. Linen I had none left, but what was mere rags. I had goats' hair, but neither knew I how to weave it or spin it; and had I known how, here were no tools to work it with. All the remedy that I

found for this was, that at last I did remember I had among the seamen's clothes which were saved out of the ship some neckcloths of calico or muslin; and with some pieces of these I made three small sieves, but proper enough for the work. And thus I made shift for some years. How I did afterwards I shall show in its place.

The baking part was the next thing to be considered, and how I should make bread when I came to have corn; for, first, I had no yeast. As to that part, as there was no supplying the want, so I did not concern myself much about it; but for an oven I was indeed in great pain. At length I found out an experiment for that also, which was this—I made some earthen vessels very broad, but not deep; that is to say, about two foot diameter, and not above nine inches deep, these I burned in the fire, as I had done the other, and laid them by; and when I wanted to bake, I made a great fire upon my hearth, which I had paved with some square tiles of my own making and burning also—but I should not call them square.

When the firewood was burned pretty much

into embers, or live coals, I drew them forward upon this hearth, so as to cover it all over, and there I let them lie till the earth was very hot; then sweeping away all the embers, I set down my loaf or loaves and whelming down the earthen pot upon them, drew the embers all round the outside of the pot, to keep in and add to the heat; and thus, as well as in the best oven in the world, I baked my barley loaves, and became in little time a mere pastry-cook into the bargain; for I made myself several cakes of the rice, and puddings. Indeed I made no pies, neither had I anything to put into them supposing I had, except the flesh either of fowls or goats.

—*Daniel Defoe.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read the story silently. How long does it take you? 2. Tell very briefly what it is about. 3. Did you ever watch your mother make bread? One of the things that Robinson Crusoe had to do before he could have a slice of bread was to till the soil. Read the whole story again and write down the other things he had to do. 5. Read as much of the story as is necessary for you to tell all that he had to do to till the soil, to make pots that would hold water and stand the fire. 6. How did Crusoe feel when at length he made a good pot? Did you ever feel that way? 7. Get the book, *Robinson Crusoe*, from the library and read the whole story. 8. Prepare the incident you like best, and read it aloud to the class,

to the Scout Troop, to the C.G.I.T. 9. Write an imaginative conversation between Robinson Crusoe and a Boy Scout, or a Girl Guide, about cooking on a hike. 10. Write a humorous story on: How I saved the day with a piece of string; or, My Finest Invention; or, What is home without a can-opener?

2. THE STORY OF THE McINTOSH RED

More than a hundred years ago, a number of men and women who were known as United Empire Loyalists came over from the United States and settled in Ontario. Some of these new settlers took up land in the eastern part of the Province, along the shores of the St. Lawrence River. Among them was a young farmer named John McIntosh, who came from New York State and settled in the county of Dundas, near the place which is now known as Dundela.

At that time there were only a few settlers in the province. Those early pioneers had to clear their own land and build their own houses; and, needless to say, they endured many hardships and had few comforts. One day in the year 1796, while John McIntosh was at work cutting down trees and clearing away the underbrush on his farm, he came upon a clump of young

apple trees, about twenty in all. No one knew how these seedlings had happened to grow there; but it is probable that some passing travellers —Indians it may be—had camped in this sheltered spot on the edge of the forest, and that the young trees had sprung up from the seeds of apples which they were using as food.

In a new country there are generally very few apples, for it takes some years for the trees to reach their full growth. So John McIntosh left the seedlings untouched, and a few days later he transplanted them to the clearing close to his house. When in the course of a few years the young trees began to bear fruit, it was found that the apples were of different varieties. But unfortunately the trees did not thrive, and at length all of them died except one, which proved to be very hardy. The apples from this tree were of good size and excellent flavour, and, to add to their other good qualities, they were of a beautiful red colour. The tree continued to bear fruit year after year, and its red apples soon became famous in that part of the country. Of course, a kind of apple that is different from all others must have a name, and in the course

of time these apples came to be known as the "McIntosh Red."

While John McIntosh was living, the family were content merely to gather the apples for their own use, and no attempt was made to produce new trees. But when his son, Allen McIntosh, grew up, he started a small nursery and began to sell young trees which were offshoots of the famous "McIntosh Red." As a result, the new variety of apple soon became very widely known. Every one admired its beautiful colour, and because of its other fine qualities, it soon came to be looked upon as one of the best early winter apples. It is now considered to be one of the choicest varieties of apples that are grown in the United States, and it thrives in the orchards of both eastern and western Canada. In British Columbia it is grown not only in the fertile valleys of the south but also on the milder slopes of the western coast, and in the fruit-growing areas in the northern part of the province.

In the meantime, while the fruit of the McIntosh Red was becoming better known, the old tree was still hardy and vigorous, and continued

to bear a bountiful harvest as before. Thus year after year passed by, until at length it was nearly a hundred years old. Then a dreadful calamity befell it. One day in the year 1893 the farmhouse was burned down. The old tree stood only fifteen feet from the burning building, and all the limbs on the side nearest the house were burned away. But, in spite of this, it continued to bear fruit for full fifteen years more. Then a sudden change took place. In the spring the tree burst into blossom, the leaves came out, and the bluebirds sang in its branches as before. But during the summer the apples dropped off, the leaves began to turn yellow and fall to the ground, and at last only the bare trunk and leafless branches were left. The old tree was dead, and the only thing now left to do was to cut it down.

It was fitting that a tree such as this should receive due honour. When it grew as a seedling at the edge of the forest by the St. Lawrence, Upper Canada, as Ontario was then called, consisted of only a small number of frontier towns and a few scattered pioneer homes. For more than a hundred years it stood beside the farm-

house at Dundela, and during this time roads were opened, farms were cleared, railways were built, towns and cities grew up, and Canada became a nation. In the meantime the old tree had itself become famous, and through their namesake—the McIntosh Red—the names of John McIntosh, the obscure pioneer farmer, and Allen McIntosh, his son, had become widely known. There were in the neighbourhood of Dundela generous people, who felt that the old tree whose name had become famous over half a continent should not itself be soon forgotten, and by the roadside at Dundela they erected a simple monument, on which are inscribed these words:

> THE ORIGINAL MCINTOSH RED APPLE TREE STOOD ABOUT TWENTY RODS NORTH OF THIS SPOT. IT WAS ONE OF A NUMBER OF SEEDLINGS TAKEN FROM THE BORDER OF THE CLEARINGS AND TRANSPLANTED BY JOHN MCINTOSH IN THE YEAR 1796. ERECTED BY POPULAR SUBSCRIPTION, 1912.
>
> —*O. J. Stevenson.*

HELPS TO STUDY

Most people wish to be remembered when they are gone. Some have their names on libraries, or ships, or even cough medicine. By what would you like to be known?

Love thou thy land with love far brought
From out the storied past.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

Part Seven

OUR NATIVE LAND

CANADA

THE HOME LAND

Love of the Home Land, like love of the home, is a natural feeling in all healthy natures. With people whose ancestors from generation to generation have lived in the same area, the very trees, the stones, the hills, the streams, the sky, have become endeared to them. In Canada, especially in Western Canada, this, at present, is not altogether possible. The love, naturally, is often in some other land. We must begin to build up a new love, growing out of a happy, contented lot. Gradually this will find expression in song and story of the lives of men and women who, but a short time before, were strangers in a strange land. The old power and value of song, of music, must be used to stir the imagination, and bind our thoughts into a united whole. With a reasonable amount of material advantages, and the music of our tongue singing in our hearts, we can have no fear but that the result will be a happy and united people.

In this section we see some of the men and women who

THE ARRIVAL OF CARTIER IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

played an important part in the story of Canada. There are some scenes of the life of the early settlers portrayed, of which perchance we might say, that "from scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur comes." There are some songs and stories that tell of lake and river, of field and sky. If, in dealing with these men and women and scenes, a permanent interest and admiration can be aroused, we can rest assured that for Grade IV the best basis for love of country has been laid.

1. JACQUES CARTIER

In the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn
in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the
westward sailed away;
In the crowded old cathedral all the town were
on their knees.
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undis-
covered seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle
and pier,
Fill'd manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle
hearts with fear.

A year passed o'er St. Malo—again came round
the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the
westward sailed away;

But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the Earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side;
And the captain of St. Malo was rejoicing, in his pride,
In the forests of the North;—while his townsmen mourned his loss,
He was rearing on Mount Royal the *fleur-de-lis* and cross;
And when two months were over and added to the year,
St. Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound, and cold,
Nor seas of pearls abounded, nor mines of shining gold:

Where the Wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip.
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

But when he changed the strain—he told how soon are cast
In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
How the winter causeway, broken, is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just, when they wake in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild,
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;

Of how, poor souls! they fancy, in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maimed for him to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them through the Gospel of St. John.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to Ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he had reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key;
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils o'er the sea.

—*Thomas D'Arcy McGee.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read the story of Jacques Cartier as it is in your History Reader. 2. On your map find the town of St. Malo in France, and the Gulf and St. Lawrence River in Canada. 3. Be able

to pronounce the words. 4. Read the poem silently. Tell what you can of the story. 5. Read the first stanza. Tell what you see after reading it. 6. Write any word that may give you trouble; learn it. 7. Do the same with each stanza. 8. Some member of the class will tell briefly how this poem should be read to bring out the thought, and the swiftly-changing pictures. Another will then read the poem aloud.

STORIES ABOUT CANADA

Knights Errant of the Wilderness. By M. H. Long.
Explorers, Soldiers and Statesmen. By W. J. Kan.
Famous Canadian Stories. By Leslie Horner.
Brief Biographies. By J. O. Miller.
Adventures in the Far North: Canada's Story. Edited by Herbert Strang.
Adventures of the Far West. Edited by Herbert Strang.
When Canada was Young. By D. J. Dickie.
Canadian History Stories Dramatized. By A. M. Stephen.

2. CAPTAIN MADELEINE

Why was the girl in this story called *Captain* Madeleine?

Wild Flower of Chivalry—I call her that, for she deserved knighthood, though the accolade never fell upon her young shoulder, and she blossomed on the edge of the wilderness. Would

---

NAMES IN THIS STORY

Ver-chères' (ver-shâr'), Ir-o-quois (ir-o-kwoi'), Jeanne d'Arc (zhän'därk'), Fran-cois' (fräṅ-swä'), Jar-ret' (zha-ra'), Sieur (Syû), Pierre (pyar), Ri-che-lieu' (re-she-lyû'), Ma-de-moi-selle' (mad-mwa-zel'), La Bon'te (bôn'te), Ga-chet' (cha'), Va-rennes (ren'), La Mon-ne-rie' (mô-ne-re').

you go in quest of her to-day—this girl of two hundred years ago? Then you must roam far afield. It is worth a journey to find her—Captain Madeleine of Verchères, immortalized in bronze, waiting to welcome you!

Now for her story.

It was the 22nd of October, 1692, and it was eight o'clock in the morning. Marie Madeleine, daughter of Francois Jarret, Sieur de Verchères, was standing or strolling by the river-side. Was she wondering when she would see again her soldier father, now on duty in Quebec? Or how soon she would welcome back her mother, whom some necessity had called away to Montreal?

About four hundred paces behind her stood the stronghold of Verchères—a fortress, not of stone, but of wood: just a palisade with a bastion at each corner to defend it, and inside the big rectangular inclosure her father's manor house, peasant cottages, storehouses, a chapel, no doubt, and the arsenal. Up there were the two brothers left under her care—twelve years old and ten—Pierre and Alexandre.

Rudely the sound of firing broke the morning

stillness. What did those gunshots mean? Half a dozen soldiers formed the garrison of Verchères; but four of these had gone a-hunting, confident that so late in the season no more ravaging Mohawks would come stealing up the Richelieu River, to trouble the settlements along the St. Lawrence shore. Foolish trustfulness! Madeleine looked—and soon enough she understood. The Red Terror had come back. Screened by the bushes, the enemy had drawn near, and now they were firing upon the farmers toiling in their fields. A cry of warning reached the girl's ears.

A servant from the fort was calling to her: "Save yourself, Mademoiselle! Save yourself! The Iroquois! The Iroquois!"

Turning, she saw her own peril. A band of savages rushing toward her—forty-five of them, she tells us, and "not more than a pistol-shot away!" Her only hope lay in headlong flight. Fear shod her feet with lightning! And as she darted toward the fort, from the depths of her heart rose a prayer to be saved from what she dreaded a thousand times more than death—captivity! Suddenly—a terrific fusillade! Bul-

lets from forty-five guns whistling about her ears! Finding her too fleet for them, the Indians had paused to fire upon her.

"To arms! To arms!" she shouted, as she sprang inside the palisade, and with her own hands closed the gates against the enemy.

"To arms!" For now this girl and her young brothers must fight like men to defend their home. They must save the women and children of Verchères, trembling within these sheltering walls, while out in the fields their husbands and fathers were dying or falling into captivity.

Captain Madeleine knew her duty. No doubt she had been by her mother's side when that heroic lady had fought off the Iroquois two years earlier. La Bonté and Gachet, the two remaining soldiers, were nowhere to be seen; but rallying what few persons she could to help her, she made the rounds of the fort. Several posts of the palisade had fallen, leaving breaches open to the enemy. Ordering these set upright, she herself seized a post by the end, to raise it—heavy task for fourteen years!

Next she made her way to the redoubt, as

they called the solid building where were stored the munitions of war.

Here Madeleine found her two craven soldiers —one hiding, the other holding a lighted slow-match!

"What," she sternly demanded, "do you mean to do with that fuse?"

"It is to touch off the powder," stammered the culprit, "and to blow us up."

Beside himself with the fear of torture at the hands of the savages, this coward was ready to wreck the fort, bring death upon all within it, rather than fight!

"You are a wretch! Get out of here—I command you!"

Now to arm herself and her brothers! Tossing aside her demure cap, she clapped a soldier hat on her head. Seizing a gun, she turned to Pierre and Alexandre.

"Brothers, let us fight to the death! We fight for our country and our religion. Think of what your father has so often taught you—that gentlemen are born only to pour out their blood in the service of God and the king."

Twelve years old and ten, these boys, but

ready as their sister to fight to the death! And to the death it would have to be, unless—here lay their one chance—they could make the enemy believe that the fort held a strong garrison of fighting men.

Above the din of battle, rose the wails of the mothers and their little ones. They must be made to stop, or their cries would betray to the besiegers that the place was filled merely with women and children. While she was forcing them to be quiet, a new problem confronted this valiant young commander.

A big canoe was sighted on the river, heading for the landing-place. Pierre Fontaine of Varennes, with his wife Marguerite and her two children! What madness brought them here at this fatal hour? Madeleine appealed to La Bonté and Gachet. Would they go to the rescue? Their silence proved their lack of courage. Very well, then their captain would go herself—alone! She commanded her servant to stand sentinel at the gate, holding it open against her return. Should she be killed and those she sought to save, then—her orders were to close it again and continue bravely to defend

the fort. Under the very eyes of the Iroquois, down to the shore she passed—gun in hand and soldier hat on head!

So, while the Red Men held back, supposing a strong garrison to be using her for a decoy to lure them to their defeat, Madeleine accomplished her gallant rescue. When the imperilled four had disembarked, she made them walk ahead of her up to the fort, in full view of the Indians, she herself acting as rear guard—this proud scorn of danger "making the enemy believe," she says, "that there was more for them to fear than for us." And thus she saved Pierre Fontaine and his family, finding in him at least a staunch recruit.

Yet once again this amazing girl sallied forth! She remembered three bags of linen and some bed-coverings, left outside the fort to bleach in the sun. Such things were precious beyond price to colonists cut off from their mother country. To lose clean clothes and coverlets would have been a tragedy indeed!

"Take your guns," she said to Pierre and Alexandre, "and come with me. As for you"

—to the others—"keep up your fire upon the enemy, while I go fetch my linen."

But what havoc Indian fury wrought that day of "the great battle," as Madeleine calls it! Flames devoured the peasant dwellings that lay outside the palisade. The tiny garrison kept firing on the foe; but the sun set amid storm clouds; night fell—and what a night! A furious tempest—snow and hail together—swept the countryside; but it could not sweep away the savage horde waiting for the cloak of darkness, to attempt to climb over the walls.

Captain Madeleine assembled her troops—six persons, two of them boys and one an old man of eighty! She took upon herself the defence of the bastions and the palisades—aided by her brothers and the man of eighty. "And you, Pierre Fontaine, La Bonté, and Gachet, you will go to the redoubt, with the women and children, for that is the strongest place. If I am captured, never surrender, even if I should be burned or hacked in pieces before your eyes. You need not fear anything in that redoubt, provided you fight."

"Instantly," she tells us, "I placed my two

young brothers on two bastions, that young man of eighty on the third, and I took the fourth." Through snow and hail was heard, each moment, from redoubt to bastions, from bastions to redoubt, "All's well!"

But for the Iroquois all was *not* well. The ceaseless watch foiled their plot to take the fort that night. So redskin prisoners later confessed. Besides, they had lost some of their warriors by the defenders' bullets. O valiant Three Musketeers—Madeleine, Pierre, Alexandre!

After midnight, however, came an alarm. "Mademoiselle, I hear something!" called the sentinel on the bastion of the gate.

Hastening toward him, Madeleine glimpsed, outlined against the snow, "beasts with horns"! The only cows escaped from the red butchers had come home.

She was urged to let them in.

"God forbid! You don't know yet all the tricks of the savages! No doubt they're walking up after these cows, covered with the skins of cattle, to enter the fort, if we open the gate. I fear any enemy as cunning and sly as the Iroquois."

In the end, she did admit them, her brothers standing with their guns aimed, ready to fire, in case it was a ruse. No Indians followed.

Morning dawned. After her all-night vigil, Captain Madeleine greeted her troops with a cheery face.

Thundered the cannon: but still no help for brave Verchères. Eight days the siege lasted. How could the girl commandant endure the strain? Twice, for twenty-four hours she went without food or sleep. Not once did she enter her father's house. "I stayed on the bastion, or I went to see how they were getting on in the redoubt." Always appearing with a gay and laughing air, she held out to her little troop the hope of an early rescue.

The eighth night of the siege! Exhausted, the little captain is dozing in her bastion, her head on a table—littered, no doubt, with powderhorns and bullets—her gun across her lap.

"*Qui vive!*" One of her sentinels, hearing a sound, flings out the challenge.

His commander is wide awake again. She listens to his report: he has heard voices on the river! Indian or French? Captain Madeleine

loses not a moment in finding out. Hark! Her own challenge rings forth from the bastion. "Who are you?"

"French! It is La Monnerie, who comes to bring you succour!"

Arrived at last—the help from Montreal, so long looked for in vain! Stealthily, under cover of the darkness, fearing to find the fort already fallen, Lieutenant de la Monnerie and his forty men have glided in their canoes up to the landing. Again the gate swings open, and Madeleine sallies forth, down to the river to salute her rescuer.

"Welcome, monsieur, welcome! I yield to you our arms!"

Gallantly he answers her, "Mademoiselle, they are in good hands."

"Better than you think," is her reply.

And so he finds, when he inspects the fort. Everything in good order, the bastions ably manned! On one a greybeard of eighty, a boy of twelve defending another—on a third a soldier ten years old!

Captain Madeleine appeals to him. "Monsieur, have my sentinels relieved, so they can take a

little rest. We have not been able to come down from our bastions for eight days."

Here ends her own story of the siege, as she wrote it down in her fine, delicate hand, at the request of the French Court. Others tell us what followed. At the coming of La Monnerie, the red invaders vanished like the shadows of the night. Pursued and overtaken, they met their punishment in a furious battle that left most of them dead on the field.

—Mary Constance DuBois.

3. SCENES FROM CANADIAN LIFE

I. FEBRUARY THE FIRST ON THE PRAIRIES

No Canadian poet has sung with greater beauty of the prairie land than Wilson MacDonald. You know at once that he has seen it, and lived it. He shows you a white page, vast as the prairies themselves. Then, picture after picture, he lets you see what the "scattered letters leagues apart" mean.

The page is snowy white, the pen is dipped,
And yet unwritten is this manuscript—
Save for a scattered letter leagues apart.

But through this frail beginning I can peer
On days when all this wilderness shall hear
The rhythmic throbbings of the human heart.

The heavens are bare; no clouds are on her face
To make the laggard sun increase his pace
Above the rusted hillocks bare and red.

The yellow straw-pipes, spearing through the ice,
Are lovely from an ancient sacrifice;
They gave and hear the nation breaking bread.

The prairie lands are spread to-day for me
Like frozen billows on a pulseless sea
That waits the golden wheat's releasing tide.

Here, in his largest mood, the artist tries
To catch the amber glory with his dyes,
And sees, with aching soul, his task defied.

Bolder, the poet, with a stronger hand
Anoints with song this little-laurelled land,
Weaving the west winds wildly in his rune.

He sees the cattle stand with moveless tails,
And heads together, to outwit the gales
That blow the bronze of summer from the moon.

He sees, beside a ridge where poplars grow,
A broncho coldly nosing in the snow,
And gains the prairie vastness from his form.

He sees the patient straw-stack, brown with rain,
A giant, ripened mushroom of the plain
Whose stem is worn by rubbing flank and storm.

Here, while the blizzard aches its heart in sound,
The cattle move like driftwood, 'round and 'round,
Yea, 'round and 'round as in a whirlpool's reach.

And, in a nook that lulls the wilder whine,
A shaggy bush claims kinship with the pine
And meets the gale with boldness in its speech;

Or, with a thought for some far woodland, dense,
Her branches wail against an old offense—
Complaining of the hoof that brought them here.

No lordly tree this land shall ever dare;
And yet, unfearful of their valiant fare,
Soon, in this vast, shall frailest flowers appear.

Where Might doth falter, Beauty enters in;
Where Pride shall fail, Humility shall Win.
And this will be until the heavens are old.

And here, to prove the adage, I shall pass
When April kindles beauty in the grass
And warms these frozen fields with red and gold.

—*Wilson MacDonald.*

II. THE EBB TIDE

The writer here shows you how to paint a picture with words. Notice how the world comes to life as the day dawns, how little by little you see and hear new things as the fog lifts like a theatre curtain with the sun.

The old blue heron sat very still upon his favorite log that floated in a mass of kelp barring the entrance to a tiny bay at the northern end of Trial Island. It was not yet daybreak, and the October fog lay heavy upon the air and sea around him, shrouding the land in mystery and stillness. The heron was not afraid, for he had lived through many summers and knew what lay behind and beyond the heavy grey veil of mists.

The fog had been thickening all night, and at three-minute intervals the old bird heard the hoarse, discordant note of the lighthouse foghorn on the southwestern tip of the island. Often, when the grey blanket of vapour lifted a little, he saw, too, the faint flash of the revolving light. The roar of the tide sounded muffled in his ears, and, by the direction of the kelp heads that lay with their streaming amber hair trailing toward the southwest, he knew that

the tide was on the ebb; daylight would soon follow.

A yellow light was appearing above the fog in the direction of Mount Baker, and gradually day dawned. The sandy shore of the bay became visible with its rows of driftwood and logs laid out neatly by the rise and fall of many tides. The rocky sides of the bay jutted out into the channel, where the gurgling waters raced swiftly toward the Straits of Juan de Fuca and the broad bosom of the Pacific beyond.

On the smooth surface of the clear, green waters an unending procession swept by as an ever-changing picture to the watchful heron, who showed that he was alive only by an occasional blink of his half-closed eyes. Out of the mists came logs, upon which stood seagulls in twos and threes, with blue-grey wings, white bodies and red beaks. These took their ride quite calmly and sedately, with only an occasional turn of their heads as the whirlpool gurgled and swung their log in a half-circle before they disappeared. Next came a small flock of bluebills, swimming gaily with the swirling, chuckling waters, and occasionally darting hither and yon, to dip their

broad bills beneath the surface and gather their breakfast by the way. Suddenly, around the point of the bay, appeared the dark-brown head of a mink, whose sharp eyes saw in a flash everything about him. Swimming swiftly he passed very close to the watching heron, yet, bent on other business, did not molest him. Reaching the sandy shore he skirted along its edges until he, too, was lost to view. The fog was lifting, and the heron became intent upon the clear surface of the waters about his log.

As he watched a school of thousands of baby herrings, each no more than an inch long, darted by, turning their silvery sides to the sunlight that was even now penetrating the depths beneath them. Suddenly, in their midst, there was a flash of silver and green as a spring salmon leaped clear of the water and fell back with a splash, his mouth full of the tiny fish who had not escaped his savage rush.

The silent watcher could now see the sandy bottom of the bay, and the shafts of sunlight playing upon it. Here the kelp had anchorage on rocky outcrops or free boulders. Here the ribboned seaweeds curled and uncurled, and the

light showed their ever-changing greens and golden-browns as the undertow of the tide swayed them to and fro.

Even the Old One started and half-raised his wings as the sinister form of a skate showed black and large as a tablecloth against the sunlit bottom. This sea-pirate, his long, whip-like tail trailing behind, swam lazily and arrogantly , his black flag striking terror into that little sunlit world. The shadowy menace passed into the green depths beyond, and the old blue heron settled back to resume his silent watch. The tide was ebbing fast, and the log upon which the Old One stood moved slowly out to sea.

—*F. W. Wootton.*

III. THE BIG MARCH

Here is a very fine picture of the arrival of the early settlers on the plains—the magnificent Royal North-West Mounted Police, the screeching covered carts in long procession, slow-going teams of oxen, yelling half-breeds and all the rest. There were no railroads or highways, no towns and but few homes, millions of acres yet scarcely a farm. Here they come! Civilization is on the march!

It was the gayest spectacle that had ever invaded Indian land. "A" Troop, fifty strong, led off on dark-bay horses, the fifty jets of

scarlet uniform merging into one rich flame far ahead; they were followed by a train of wagons. "B" came next on dark-brown mounts; "C" on light chestnuts, and to "C" was given the bedeviling honour of drawing the two field-guns and mortars. "D" rode greys, and "E" shining blacks, while "F" was mounted on well-matched light bays.

The prophets of Dufferin, who had traveled out to see the show, might well have been muddled in their minds as to its purpose. The British scarlet might have been supposed to mark a smart military expedition setting out on some scouting errand. But immediately behind "F" filed a string of Red-River carts—one hundred and fourteen of them indeed—with their ungreased axles and joints shrieking horribly to heaven, their unpersuadable oxen being kept in motion by the blasphemies of twenty half-breeds. On their heels trod rough-haired steers and a herd of cows with calves, while a procession of mowing-machines and other agricultural necessities closed the train.

By this time the onlooker would have concluded that this amazing parade represented a

crowd of colonizers exceptionally well-protected. Yet, if colonizers, where were the women? And why the splendour? For it was as if the times of ancient prowess had come again. Lances with gleaming streamers rose to the breeze. Fiery spikes of white helmets glinted to the sun, and white gauntlets shone like snow. The dazzle and movement of light played from accoutrements and badges and polished leather. The officers wore plumes, and the scarlet-coated men rode and diminished down the open highway of prairie green in rank after rank of moving colour.

—*T. Morris Longstreth.*

From *The Silent Force.*

4. SONGS OF CANADA

I. THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS

We wake the prairie echoes with
  The ever-welcome sound,
"Ring out the boot and saddle!" till
  Its stirring notes resound.
Our horses toss their bridled heads
  And chafe against the reins,
Ring out, ring out the marching call
  Of the Riders of the Plains.[1]

[1] The North-West Mounted Police, 1874.

Full many a league o'er prairie wild
Our trackless path must be,
And round it roam the fiercest tribes
Of Blackfoot and of Cree;
But danger from their savage bands
Our dauntless heart disdains,
That heart which bears the helmet up
Of the Riders of the Plains.

The thunderstorm sweeps o'er our way,
But onward still we go;
We scale the rugged mountain range,
Descend the valley low;
We face the dread Saskatchewan,
Brimmed high with heavy rains.
With all his might he cannot check
The Riders of the Plains.

Our mission is to plant the rule
Of Britain's freedom here,
Restrain the lawless savage, and
Protect the pioneer;
And 'tis a proud and daring trust
To hold these vast domains
With but three hundred mounted men,
The Riders of the Plains.

We bear no lifted banner,
The soldier's care and pride;
No waving flag leads onward
Our horsemen when they ride;
The sense of duty well discharged
All idle thoughts sustains,
No other spur to action need
The Riders of the Plains.

—*Author Unknown.*

II. BACKWOODSMAN

Mr. Mitchell, a Nova Scotia poet, here sings of the pioneers, the brave men and women who turn their backs upon crowded towns and press forward toward "the hopeful hills." They love the far places because of the freedom, the promise of better days for their children, and for all the mighty and lovely things.

Although I have so little
That richer men would prize,
I have the hills, the hopeful hills
Aspiring to the skies;

And I have dusk and dawning;
I have the star that burns
Across the West, the fading West;
The sweet of trampled ferns.

R. F. GAGEN, R.C.A., O.S.A.

COURTESY ART GALLERY OF TORONTO

AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFFS

AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFFS

By Robert F. Gagen, R.C.A., O.S.A.

Courtesy of
The Art Gallery of Toronto

THIS IS A PICTURE PAINTED ON THE ATLANTIC SEA-COAST; A CHEERY, PLEASANT PICTURE OF THE OCEAN ON A BRIGHT, SUNNY DAY. NOTICE THE PLAY OF SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW ON THE ROCKY COAST. SEE THE BEAUTIFUL COLOUR IN THE WATER, AND THE WAY THE ARTIST HAS CAUGHT THE FEELING OF MOVEMENT. MR. GAGEN WAS ONE OF THE EARLY GROUP OF CANADIAN ARTISTS. HE CAME TO CANADA FROM ENGLAND IN 1880, WHEN HE WAS A BOY FOURTEEN YEARS OLD. HE PAINTED MANY PICTURES OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, BUT ENJOYED MOST PAINTING THE OCEAN, IN ALL ITS VARIOUS MOODS.

I have the pines, the birches
And larches for delight;
The feathered folk, the furry folk
That fill the forest night.

So, though I have so little
That you could buy from me,
My little things are mighty things
And lovely as can be.

—*John Hanlon Mitchell.*

III. THE SONG OF THE GOLDEN SEA

Sing, ye ripening fields of wheat,
Sing to the breezes passing by,
Sing your jubilant song and sweet,
Sing to the earth, the air, the sky!

Earth that held thee and skies that kissed
Morning and noon and night for long,
Sun and rain and dew and mist,
All that has made you glad and strong!

The harvest fields of the far, far west
Stretch out a shimmering sea of gold!
Every ripple upon its breast
Sings peace, and plenty and wealth untold!

Far as the eye can reach it goes,
  Farther yet, till there seems no end,
Under a sky where blue and rose
  With the gold and turquoise softly blend.

Here, where sweep the prairies lone,
  Broad and beautiful in God's eyes,
Here in this young land, all our own,
  The garner-house of the old world lies.

—*Jean Blewett.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read silently this song by Jean Blewett. What was in the poet's mind? 2. Read aloud passages to show what she saw and felt. 3. Read the word or line that expresses most vividly what she felt. 4. Why do you usually sing? 5. Why does the poet ask the fields to sing? 6. Have a pupil read orally the song to the class.

AT THE END OF THIS BOOK

1. What author have you met in this Reader that you would like to have visit your school? Why? Find out all you can about him. 2. Name two books you have read this year which you would like to see in the school library. 3. Write a letter to a publisher, and tell him what books boys and girls like most, and why. 4. Write a letter to your teacher, and tell what you liked best in this Reader. Perhaps you also want to criticize it a little.

A LITTLE DICTIONARY

KEY TO PRONUNCIATIONS, AS GIVEN IN THE TEXT

An unmarked vowel is a slightly shortened vowel, usually unaccented.

ă as in fat	ĕ as in met	ī as in bite	ŏ as in hot	ŭ as in but
ā as in fate	ē as in me	ĭ as in bit	ō as in hole	ū as in pure
â as in fare	ē as in herd	ȳ as in my	ô as in lost	u as in pull
ä as in father		y̆ as in story	or, as in fall	
			ōō as in room	

A

abate (a-bāt′): to lessen.
absorb (ăb-sôrb): to take up fully.
abused (a-būzd′): ill-treated.
accolade (ăk′ō-lād′): a tap on the shoulder with the flat blade of a sword.
accomplish (ak-kŏm′plĭsh): to make.
accoutrement (ă-kōō-tĕr-mĕnt): equipment.
accustomed (ă-kŭs′tŭmd): used to.
achievement (a-chēv′mĕnt): feat.
acknowledge (ăk-nŏw′lĕj): to admit as true.
actually (ăk′tū-al-ĭ): really.
adage (ăd′ăj): proverb, old saying.
adjourn (ă-jûrn′): put off to another day.
amazement (ă-māz′mĕnt): wonder.
ancient (ān′shĕnt): old, long ago.
arrogantly (ăr′ō-gănt-lĭ): proudly.
arsenal (är′se-năl): place for firearms and ammunition.
assailants (ă-sāl′ănts): attackers.
astonished (ăs-tŏn′ĭshd): surprised.
athwart (a-thwŏrt): across the course.
attent (ă-tĕnt): intent, needful.

B

barnacles (bär′nă-k′ls): small shell fish.
barter (bär-tĕr): to trade, exchange.
beatitude (be-ăt′ĭ-tūd): blessing.
bestir (be-ster′): to move about.
bevy (bĕv′ĭ): flock.
bicker (bĭk′ĕr): to quarrel.
billowy (bĭl′ō-ĭ): wavy.
blasphemy (blăs′fĕ-mĭ): abusive expression.
blithe (blīth): merry, gay.
boisterous (bois′tĕr-ŭs): rough, noisy.
boundary (boun′dä-rĭ): a limit or border.
boundless (bound′lĕss): without bounds.
bountiful (boun′tĭ-fo͝ol): plentiful.
brawny (brôn′ĭ): strong, muscular.
brigand (brĭg′ănd): a robber.
broad-sword (brôd-′sōrd): a sword with a broad blade.
bustle (bŭs″l): commotion.

C

calamity (kă-lăm′ĭ-tĭ): great misfortune.
capable (kā′pă′b′l): able to receive.
catalogue (kă′tă-lŏg): a list.
cathedral (kă-thē′drăl): a great church.
cautiously (kŏ-shŭs′lĭ): carefully.
celebrate (sĕl′ĕ-brāt): to honour, or keep as a holiday.
characteristic (kăr′ăk-tĕr-ĭs′tĭc): true to one's character.
chasm (kăz′m): a deep cleft or rift.
chivalry (shĭv′ăl-rĭ): valour, honour.
collection (kŏ-lĕk′shŭn): something that is gathered up.
commotion (kŏ-mō′shŭn): excitement, turmoil.
confuse (kon-fūzd′): to muddle, mix up.
contemptuously (kŏn-tĕmp′tŭ-ŭs-lĭ): haughtily, with scorn.

contradict (kŏn-tra-dĭkt): to oppose.
coronation (kŏr′o-nā′shŭn): the act of crowning.
counsellor (koun-sĕ-lĕr): adviser.
courtier (kōrt′yĕr): a personin attendance at the king's court.
craven (krā′v′n): cowardly.
credence (krē′dĕns): belief.
cutlas (kŭt′lăs): a short heavy curved sword.
cyclone (sī′klōn): a storm.

D

decoy (de-koi′): lure, bait.
delicate (del′i-cāt): fine, dainty.
denounce (de-nouns′): to accuse.
desolation (dĕs′ō-lā′shŭn): ruin.
despair (de-spâr′): to have no hope.
determined (de-tûr′mĭnd): resolved.
devastate (dĕv′as-tāt): to lay waste.
diameter (dī′ăm′e-tĕr): width.
diminish (dĭ-mĭn′ĭsh): to lessen, grow smaller.
discordant (dĭs-kôr-dănt): harsh.
disdain (dĭs dān′): haughtiness.
dismay (dĭs-mā): to frighten, terrify.
divert (dĭ-vûrt): amuse.
doff (dŏf): to take off.
droll (drōl): queer, comical.
drone (drōn): idler, lazy fellow.

E

eddy (ĕd′ĭ): a wave.
embark (ĕm-bärk): to go on a ship.
emblazon (ĕm-blā′z′n): to deck in bright colours.
encounter (ĕn-koun′tĕr): to meet.
encourage (ĕn-kŭr′ăj): to cheer.
endure (ĕn-dūr): to last.
enthusiastic (ĕn-thū-zĭ-ăs′tĭk): eager.
entrancing (ĕn-trän′sĭng): delightful.
erect (ē-rĕkt′): to raise, to build.
eschew (es-chū′): to reject, disregard.
especially (es-pesh′l-lĭ): particularly.
essay (ĕ-sā′): to attempt, to try.
excellent (ĕk′sĕ-lĕnt): very fine.
exertion (ĕg-zûr′shŭn): effort.
experiment (eks-pĕr′ĭ-mĕnt): a test, trial.
explanation (ĕks′plă-nā′shŭn): meaning.
exquisite (ĕks′kwĭ-zĭt): select, perfect.
extraordinary (ĕks-trôr′dĭ-nâ-rĭ): uncommon, surprising.

F

fanciful (făn′sĭ-fōōl): imaginary.
fertile (fûr′tĭl): fruitful, rich.
festal (fĕs′tal): fit for a feast.
foil (foil): to defeat, baffle.
fortress (fôr′trĕs): a strong place.
frolic (frŏl′ĭk): play.
furious (fū′rĭ-ŭs): savage, angry.

G

gesture (jĕs′tūr): action.
glistened (glĭs′nd): shone.
gradually (grăd′ū-ăl-lĭ): by degrees, slowly.
grandeur (grăn′dŭr): greatness.
grateful (grāt-fōōl): thankful.
guidance (gīd′ăns): direction.

H

hale (hāl): healthy, hearty.
haunts (hônts): hiding places.

I

immeasurable (ĭ-mezh′ŭr-ă-b′l): too large to be measured.
immortal (ĭ-môr′tăl): undying, everlasting.
imperil (ĭm-pĕr′ĭl): to endanger.
indignant (ĭn-dĭg′nănt): angry.
inestimable (ĭn-ĕs′tĭ-mă-b′l): above all price.
infinite (ĭn′fĭ-nĭt): boundless, immense.
innocent (ĭn′ō-sĕnt): guiltless.
intruder (ĭn-trōōd′ĕr): trespasser.
invade (ĭn-vād′): to plunder or enter by force.

J

jaunty (jôn-tў): gay, jolly.
jest (jĕst): a funny story, a prank.
jubilant (jōō′bĭ-lănt): shouting with joy.

K

kerchief (kēr′chĕf): head cloth, handkerchief.
kinship (kĭn′shĭp): of the same family.
knapsack (năp′săk): a leather or canvas bag.

L

laborious (lă-bō′rĭ-ŭs): requiring very hard work.
laggard (lăg′ärd): loitering, lazy.
lea (lē): meadow, open field.
league (lēg): three miles.
leisurely (lē-zhūr′lĭ): not hurried.
lepracaun (lĕ-prā̆-hôn′): an Irish fairy.
lithely (līth′lĭ): moving with ease.
lurid (lūrĭd): tinged with red.

M

maim (mām): cripple.
manuscript (măn′ū-skrĭpt): a work written by hand.
margin (mär-jĭn): edge, border.
marvellous (mär′vĕl-ŭs): wonderful.
matronly (mā′trŭn-lĭ): motherly.
mead (mēd): meadow.
meantime (mēn-tīm′): at the same time.
menace (mĕn′ā̆s) threat.
merciless (mēr-sĭ′lĕs): without kindness.
metallic (mĕ-tăl′ĭk): like metal.
mischievous (mĭs′chĕf-vŭs): naughty.
misfortune (mĭs-fôr′tūn): ill luck, trouble.
moil (moil): toil, hard work.
monarch (mŏn′ark): king, emperor.
mortar (môr′tēr): a strong bowl.
motley (mŏt′lĭ): of different colours.
mournful (mōrn′fu̯l): sad.
multitude (mul′tĭ tūd): crowd, throng.
musket (mŭs′kĕt): an old-fashioned rifle.
mysterious (mĭs-tē′rĭ-ŭs): not easily understood.

N

nautical (nô′tĭ-kăl): having to do with sailors or ships.
nestlings (nĕst′lĭngs): young birds.
nursery (nûrs-rĭ): a place for raising young trees.

O

onslaught (ŏn-slôt): a furious attack.
opine (-ōpīn′): to think, to suppose.
orchestra (ôr′kĕstra): a band of musicians.
overwhelming (ō′vēr-whĕlm-ĭng): very powerful.

P

palisade (păl′ĭ sād′): a strong fence.
pavilion (pa-vil′yŭn): a covered platform, open at the sides.
peasant (pĕz′ā̆nt): a tiller of the soil.
perchance (pēr-chäns′): perhaps.
perilously (pĕr′ĭ-lŭs-lĭ): dangerously.
permanent (pēr′ma-nĕnt): fixed, without change.
perplexed (per-plĕkst′): puzzled, confused.
pervade (pĕr-vād′): to pass or spread through.
pestle (pĕs″l): a tool used for pounding and mixing.
phenomenon (fē-nŏm′ĕ-nŏn): something unusual.
pinnacle (pĭn′ā̆-k′l): a lofty peak.
pioneer (pī-o-nēr′): one who prepares the way.
pipkin (pĭp′kĭn): a small earthen pot.
plaintive (plān′tĭf): sorrowful.
pomp (pŏmp): splendour.
portray (pōr-trā′): to draw, to picture.
proclamation (prŏk-lā̆-mā′shŭn): announcement.
prophecy (prŏf′ē̆-sĭ): an announcement of something to come.
pursue (pēr-sū′): to follow.

Q

quail (kwāl): flinch.

quiver (kwĭv'er): a case for holding arrows.
quoth (kwōth): said, spoke.

R

ransack (răn'săk): to plunder or search thoroughly.
ravage (răv'aj): to plunder, destroy.
realize (rē'ą̆l-īz): to understand clearly.
rebellious (rē-bĕl-yŭs): defiant, disobedient.
recline (rē-klīn'): to rest, to lie down.
recognition (rĕk'ŏg-nĭsh'ŭn): acknowledgment.
recruit (rē-krōōt'): a newly enlisted soldier.
rectangular (rĕk-tăn'gū-lär): right angled.
regal (rē'gal): kingly, royal.
region (rē'jŭn): realm, place.
reinforcements (rē'ĭn-fōrs-mĕnts): extra troops.
remarkable (rē-mär'kă̆-b'l): unusual.
renown (rē-noun'): fame, honour.
repose (rē-pōz'): rest.
requisite (rĕk'wĭ-zĭt): necessary.
rhythmic (rĭth'mĭk): with regular beats.
roundabout (round'ă̆-bout): indirect.

S

sally (săl'lĭ): to go quickly.
scowled (skoul'd): frowned.
sensation (sĕn-sā'shŭn): feeling.
shimmering (shĭm'ẽr-ĭng): shining, gleaming.
simplicity (sĭm-plĭs'ĭ-tĭ): to be natural.
sinewy (sin'ū-ĭ): strong and muscular.
smithy (smith'y): blacksmith's shop.
solitude (sŏl'ĭ-tūd): loneliness.
sombre (sŏm'bēr): dull, gloomy.
spectacles (spĕk'tă̆-k'lz): eye-glasses.
spectators (spĕk'tā-tērz): lookers-on.
strain (strān): a song.
sturdy (stûr'dĭ): strong.
sullen (sŭl'ĕn): silent, sulky.
summon (sŭm'ŭn): to call, bid.
swamp (swŏmp): marshy ground.
sward (swôrd): turf.

T

tedious (tē'dĭ-ŭs): tiresome.
terrified (tĕr'ĭ-fī'd): frightened, alarmed.
thorpe (thôrp): village.
threatened (thrĕt' 'nd): warned.
threshing-floor (thrĕsh'ing flōr): a floor for beating out grain.
treacherous (trĕch'ẽr-ŭs): false, traitorous.
tremendous (trē-mĕn'dŭs): very great, terrible.
triumphantly (trī-ŭm'fă̆nt'lĭ): with joy.
tubular (tū'bū-lär): shaped like a tube.

U

unusual (ŭn-ū'zhū-ă̆l): uncommon.
upheaval (ŭp-hēv'ăl): a lifting up from below.
utensil (ū-tĕn'sĭl): tool.

V

variety (vă̆-rī'e-tĭ): kind, sort.
venturesome (vĕn'tūr-sŭm): daring.
viciously (vĭsh'ŭs-lĭ): savagely.
vigil (vĭj'ĭl): a watch.
vigorous (vĭg'ŏr-ŭs): strong, lusty.
violence (vī'o-lĕns): fierceness.
visibly (vĭz'ĭ-blĭ): plainly, clearly.

W

wane (wān): to pass.
wend (wĕnd): to go.
whelm (hwĕlm): to wet.
whimsical (hwĭm-zĭ-kă̆l): queer, odd.
wicket (wĭk'ĕt): a small gate.
wistful (wĭst'fụl): longing.

Y

yacht (yôt): a boat.
yield (yēld) to give way.

Z

zenith (zĕ'nith): exact northerly direction.